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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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SUMMER SONNETS FROM MY GARDEN.

VOICES.

I'm like the girl that tumbled down the well
 Into Dame Hollë's dim enchanted ground,
 Who heard strange voices calling all around,
 And rose up from the meadow where she fell.

And first the fruit tree: "Lo, my apples swell,
 Gather them now while they are ripe and sound!"

"My loaves are ready, take them, baked and browned!"

The oven next implored (Old Grimm doth tell).

Thus I, when I my garden pass along

Hear voices many calling unto me,

"Cut me!" the grass doth whisper, "I'm too long!"

"My hives are full," murmurs the honey bee;

"Gather us!" cries the berries' jocund crew—

Nay! Shall I have my fairy guerdon too?

HONEY.

When bees wend forth in black continuous stream,
 And steadily return unto the hive,

When all the air with humming is alive
 From pearly dawn to day's last golden gleam;

Then it behoves to work and not to dream!
 Up! if your honey store you want to thrive
 (Ere hungry drones with robber-bees connive),

That you may gather all the blossom-cream.

Yet let me pause a moment on the brink—
 Between yon flower-calyx and its spoil
 What labor interveneth! Only think,
 What you deem play, to bees and me 'tis toil,

Yet labor, perspiration, many a sting,
 So I've the honey—cheerfully I sing!

SUMMER DAWN.

I like to draw the curtain at the dawn

And look upon the sky ere it be day.

When all the lands lie silent still and grey,

And wan doth gleam the wet and dew-drenched lawn;

The veil of night is solemnly withdrawn,

And strange new lights on things familiar play,

While changing slowly, neutral tints give way

To warmer shades of russet and of fawn.

But up above in the pure zenith high
 Pale opals blend with faintest turquoise green,

Till living flecks of fire throb o'er the sky,
 Forerunners they of the great orb unseen—

Then, sudden pours a throstle forth its lay.
 And see, the summer dawn hath changed to day!

KATE FREILIGRATH-KROEGER.
 Academy.

PEACE AND WAR.

THE sleek sea, gorged and sated, basking lies;

The cruel creature fawns and blinks and purrs;

And almost we forget what fangs are hers,

And trust for once her emerald-golden eyes;

Though haply on the morrow she shall rise

And summon her infernal ministers,

And charge her everlasting barriers,
 With wild white fingers snatching at the skies.

So, betwixt peace and war, man's life is cast

Yet hath he dreamed of perfect peace at last

Shepherding all the nations ev'n as sheep

The inconstant, moody ocean shall as soon,

At the cold dictates of the bloodless moon,

Swear an eternity of halcyon sleep.

Spectator. WILLIAM WATSON.

FREEDOM.

WHEN I would think of what is free,

O timeless one, I think of thee!

Thou hast forgotten how we went together

Across the heather

Where I am left behind;

And I rejoice thy motions are

Swift, indifferent and far:

The birthsprings of the wind

Are for thy roving; and for me

The joy of bringing all these things to mind

We thought together,

Treading the little pathways of the heather.

MICHAEL FIELD.

On the Moors, Yorkshire.

Academy.

From Temple Bar.

THEODORE HOOK, SATIRIST AND NOVELIST.

THIS chartered libertine of practical joking is one of the most extraordinary "curiosities of literature." The most effervescent of English writers, his irrepressible wit overshadowed his graver claims upon his contemporaries and posterity; and the probability is that he will never now take quite his rightful place among men of letters. A sketch of his life and deeds — or rather misdeeds — forms one of the most amusing chapters in the history of wits and humorists. The Rev. R. H. Dalton Barham — son of "Ingoldsby" Barham, and the author of Hook's "Life" — has well said that the reputation of men like Hook is "sunk, as it were, in a life annuity, bearing indeed a larger and more available interest than is commonly derived from fame of a more enduring nature, but which terminates, for the most part, with their day and generation." Even of a brilliant wit like George Selwyn — whose conversational powers were the wonder and delight of his contemporaries — nothing remains beyond a few letters but some apocryphal puns and a single epigram!

Theodore Edward Hook was a Londoner by birth, having been born in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square, on the 22nd of September, 1788. His father, James Hook, was a musical composer, who enjoyed a great vogue in his day, and his mother (*née* Madden) was the author of "The Double Disguise," and other novels. As a boy of six or seven, Theodore was supposed to put in a good deal of time at a "seminary for young gentlemen" in Soho Square, but an accident revealed his scandalous *lâches* in the way of playing truant. Even at this phenomenally early age he manifested an ingenious talent for framing excuses and playing practical jokes. He was packed off to a Dr. Curtis's at Linton, in Cambridgeshire, where at the age of sixteen he put together his first dramatic sketch. His school life was not

a happy one. We next find him entering Harrow, from which he was almost obliged to flee precipitately, in consequence of an act of pleasantry to which he was instigated by his young contemporary Lord Byron. Hook left Harrow in 1802, and at this time he lost the most salutary restraining influence of his life by the death of his excellent mother. The elder Hook was not a good guide for his son, being addicted to the pleasures of society.

The young wit wrote the words of a comic opera to his father's music, and, what is more, cleared £50 by the undertaking, at the age of sixteen. He next wrote a farce for the Haymarket, "Catch Him Who Can," in which Liston and Mathews appeared, the latter especially scoring a great success. Other dramatic pieces followed, including that popular after-piece "Killing no Murder." Undismayed by the standing of the leading play-actors, Hook perpetrated practical jokes on them right and left. The sketch of "Killing no Murder" gave rise to a furious controversy, for through its leading character the author made a bitter and trenchant attack upon the Methodists. There was some ground for his severity, seeing that at Rowland Hill's chapel the congregation had been congratulated from the pulpit on the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre by fire, and the annihilation of a score of firemen.

A kind of burlesque on "Hamlet," entitled "Ass-ass-ination," absolutely bristled with puns. Hook himself appeared in this and other pieces, in 1809, but on the occasion of his first performance he was so overcome by stage fright, and exhibited such palpable terror, that Mrs. Mathews had to support him; yet this is the man who became the first improvisatore of his time. He would make up clever verses on the spur of the moment, and bring in the names of the company. It was thought he had a poser once with the name of a Mr. Rosenagen, a Dane, but after dealing with others of the company, he brought out this stanza without pausing: —

Yet more of my muse is required,
 Alas ! I fear she is done ;
 But no ! like a fiddler that's tired,
 I'll *Rosen-agen*, and go on.

On the occasion of Lord Melville's trial before the House of Lords, Hook had a seat amongst the spectators. He could not resist the opportunity of mystifying his neighbors, a lady and her daughter from Sussex. When the bishops appeared in their state attire — wearing scarlet and lawn sleeves over their doctors' robes — he confidentially observed to the lady : —

"These are not gentlemen ; they are ladies, elderly ladies — the dowager peeresses in their own right."

When the speaker of the House of Commons appeared, and attracted attention by the rich embroidery of his robes, the lady inquired : —

"Pray, sir, who is that fine-looking person opposite ?"

"That, madam," said Hook, "is Cardinal Wolsey !"

"No, sir," cried the lady, with a look of angry disdain, "we know a little better than that ; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year !"

"No such thing, madam, I assure you," replied Hook, with imperturbable gravity ; "it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation ; in fact, those rascally newspapers will say anything."

On another occasion Hook observed a pompous gentleman walking in very grand style along the Strand, whereupon he left his companion, ran up to him, and said : —

"I beg your pardon, sir, but may I ask if you are anybody in particular ?"

By the most extraordinary devices the humorist would get himself invited to dinner in apparently the most impossible places.

At one of the Croydon inns, on another occasion, Hook and Mathews got up a mock quarrel before a large company. The wit and the comedian each appealed most earnestly to the sympathy of the company, who, with the true British predilection for anything in the shape of a "row," eagerly

espoused the side of one or other of the champions.

The contest proceeded, and Hook's cool invectives [we are told] grew more and more cutting, and the gesticulations of Mathews more wild and extravagant ; blows followed, and the partisans, full of gin and valor, soon followed the example of their principals — a general *mêlée* succeeded, candles were knocked out, tables and chairs overthrown, the glasses "sparkled on the boards," and in the midst of the confusion, just in time to avoid the arrival of the police and the impressive *dénouement*, the promoters of the riot, unobserved, effected their escape, leaving their excitable adherents to compute at leisure the amount of damage done to their persons and property, and to explain, if possible, to a magistrate in the morning, the cause and object of the combat.

Some of Hook's practical jokes, however, were utterly indefensible, and perhaps the worst of these was the famous "Berners Street Hoax," perpetrated in 1809. The victim was a lady of property named Tottenham. Hook was assisted by two confederates on this occasion, and the affair created a greater sensation than the Cock Lane Ghost or the Cato Street conspiracy. Barham thus describes Hook's ludicrous, mischievous, and gigantic hoax :

Scarce had the eventful morning begun to break, ere the neighborhood resounded with the cries of "Sweep," proceeding from crowds of sooty urchins and their masters, who had assembled by five o'clock beneath the windows of the devoted No. 54. In the midst of the wrangling of the rival professors, and the protestations of the repudiating housemaid, heavy wagons laden with chaldrons of coals came rumbling up the street, blocking the thoroughfare, impeding one another, crushing and struggling to reach the same goal, amid a hurricane of imprecations from the respective *conducteurs*. Now among the gathering crowd, cleanly, cook-like men were to be seen cautiously making their way, each with a massive wedding-cake under his arm ; tailors, boot-makers, upholsterers, undertakers with coffins, draymen with beer-barrels, etc., succeeded in shoals ; and long before the cumbrous coal-wagons were able to move off, about a dozen travelling chariots and four, all

ready for the reception of as many "happy pairs," came dashing up to the spot. Medical men with instruments for the amputation of limbs, attorneys prepared to cut off entails, clergymen summoned to minister to the mind, and artists engaged to portray the features of the body, unable to draw near in vehicles, plunged manfully into the mob. Noon came, and with it about forty fishmongers, bearing forty cod and lobsters, as many butchers with an equal number of legs of mutton, and as the confusion reached its height, and the uproar became terrific, and the consternation of the poor old lady grew to be bordering on temporary insanity, up drove the great lord mayor himself, with state carriage, cocked hats, silk stockings, bag-wigs and all, to the intense gratification of Hook and his two associates, who, snugly ensconced in an apartment opposite, were witnessing the triumph of their scheme.

All this, perhaps, was comparatively commonplace, and within the range of a mediocre joker of jokes. There were features, however, in the Berners Street hoax, independently of its originality, which distinguished it for wit and *méchanceté* far above any of the numberless imitations to which it gave rise. Every family, it is said, has its secret—some point tender to the touch, some circumstance desirable to be suppressed; according to the proverb, "there is a skeleton in every house," and as a matter of course the more eminent and conspicuous the master of the house, the more busy are men's tongues with his private affairs, and the more likely are they to get scent of any concealed subject of annoyance. Completely familiar with London gossip, and by no means scrupulous in the use of any information he might possess, Hook addressed a variety of persons of consideration, taking care to introduce allusion to some peculiar point sure of attracting attention, and invariably closing with an invitation to No. 54 Berners Street. Certain revelations to be made respecting a complicated system of fraud pursued at the Bank of England brought the governor of that establishment, a similar device was employed to allure the chairman of the East India Company, while the Duke of Gloucester started off with his equerry to receive a communication from a dying woman, formerly a confidential attendant on his Royal Highness's mother.

The consequences of this affair threatened to be serious, as many of the beguiled

tradesmen and others, who had suffered in person or in purse, took active measures towards bringing the charge home to the principal offender, who was pretty generally suspected. Such, however, were the precautions which had been observed, that the attempt proved fruitless, and the inquiry fell to the ground; and Theodore Hook, after a temporary visit to the country, returned unmolested, and more famous than ever, to his usual occupations.

Not content with his success as a dramatist, Hook essayed the rôle of the novelist, and about the time of his majority produced "The Man of Sorrow." It was published under the pseudonym of Alfred Allendale, and failed to attract attention. The hero was represented as being the sport of fortune from his birth. The work was crude and full of faults. Thomas Moore was sketched under the character of Mr. Minus, and Sir Joseph Banks under that of Sir Joseph Jonquil. The novel contained a clever epigram on the celebrated duel between Moore and Jeffrey, which has frequently been attributed to the authors of the "Rejected Addresses." The epigram was as follows:

When Anacreon would fight, as the poets have said,

A reverse he displayed in his vapor;
For while all his poems were loaded with lead,

His pistols were loaded with paper;
For excuses Anacreon old custom may thank,

Such a *salvo* he should not abuse,
For the cartridge, by rule, is always made blank,

Which is fired away at *Reviews*.

Hook went into residence for a time at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford. He was as full of his pranks as ever at the University, and when he went up for his matriculation, scandalized the vice-chancellor by replying to the questions whether he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles, "Oh, certainly, sir, forty if you please." After two terms, Hook managed to leave Oxford without censure, but also, it is to be feared, without honor or wisdom. At this time the wit is described as "a slim youth of fine figure, his head

covered with black, clustering curls." These curls he lost as he grew older, but his eloquent eye, rich and mellow voice, joyous smile, and expressive play of feature, remained to the last. Hook was elected a member of the "Eccentrics" on the same night as Sheridan, Lord Petersham, and others. He soon became intimate with his distinguished associates, and through the agency of the Marchioness of Hertford he was presented to the prince regent. Politically, Hook was a high Tory, and a somewhat bigoted one. He and the Rev. Edward Cannon, a sharp-tongued chaplain of the prince, had many an encounter of wits together. Cannon lost all his aristocratic friends and patrons through his acerbity, which extended even to ladies, including Mrs. Fitzherbert.

In 1813, Hook, who was impecunious and in debt, was lucky enough to secure the appointment of accountant-general and treasurer at the Mauritius, worth about £2,000 per annum. He went out, and found plenty of society and amusement in the island, which he described to Mathews as "this paradise, and not without angels." With Governor Farquhar, Hook got on well, but in the year 1817 the former was compelled to return to England in consequence of ill-health, and his place was taken by Major-General Hall, martinet and a severe administrator, who soon became unpopular throughout the colony. He was as unfriendly towards Hook, whom he did not understand, as his predecessor was indulgent. An inquiry into the state of the treasury chest revealed that there was a great deficit, and Hook was arrested and ordered home by the governor under a charge of defalcation. Every article he possessed was sold, the total amount realized being £3,407, and he was sent on board, deprived of every comfort, and almost without the necessities or decencies of life. After a rough passage he reached England. At St. Helena he met Lord Charles Somerset, who said to him, "I hope you are not going home for your health, Mr. Hook?" "Well," said Theodore, "I

am sorry to say they think there's something wrong with the chest."

In January, 1819, he was summoned to appear before the Board of Colonial Audit. A searching examination took place, and in 1821 a report was drawn up showing a balance against him of £12,885. There was nothing to connect Hook with the appropriation of the money; and however irregular and improper his conduct had been, a criminal prosecution could not be sustained. But he was arrested for debt, and confined first in a sponging-house near Temple Bar, and afterwards in the King's Bench. As the result of an appeal which Hook addressed to the Earl of Liverpool, further inquiry was made into his case, and in May, 1825, the attachment was removed from his person, and he was set at liberty, but with the distinct declaration that he was "in no degree exonerated from his liability to the debt, if he should hereafter have the means of discharging it." From a portion of his indebtedness he was subsequently relieved, owing to favorable testimony being forthcoming on his behalf, but as regards the remainder, he was unable to shake it off to the last. The question of the deficit, in some of its aspects, still remains shrouded in mystery, and Hook always denied that he was the real delinquent.

Undeterred by his difficulties, Hook presented a cheerful front to the world, and was well received by many friends, including John Wilson Croker, General Phipps, and Lord Canterbury. Hook figured with Lord Canterbury in the H. B. sketches. On being released from the King's Bench, the humorist established himself in a comfortable house at Putney. He threw off a *jeu d'esprit* entitled "Tentamen, or an Essay towards the History of Whittington, some time Lord Mayor of London, by Dr. Vicesimus Blenkinsop." It was really an attack on Alderman Wood, and it speedily ran through several editions. Next, in conjunction with his friend Daniel Terry, he started a periodical called the *Arcadian*, the name being suggested by the

Burlington Arcade. Only two numbers of this vehicle of light satire were produced, and the printer had great difficulty in obtaining "copy" for those. Hook now returned to the drama, and produced the favorite "stockpiece," "Exchange no Robbery," whose copy-right he sold for £60.

The most important event in Hook's literary career, however, was the establishment of the *John Bull* newspaper at the close of 1820. It was a staunch Tory sheet, and one of Hook's main objects as editor was the extinction of the Brandenburgh House party. It soon became a most formidable antagonist to the queen. Hook brought all his sarcastic wit and fiery and unscrupulous zeal to bear against causes to which he was opposed, and there was quickly a great demand for the paper. Hook had made application to his old publisher, Miller, to take the pecuniary risk; but Miller, knowing his man, entertained strong opinions on the question of "fine and imprisonment," so, as Hook said, all arguments with him proved *Newgate-ory*, and a new printer named Shackell was found. In six weeks the sale of *John Bull* was a thousand, while the first five numbers had been frequently reprinted. Various actions for libel arose out of Hook's trenchant but sometimes truculent articles, and in May, 1821, the Whigs made a determined effort to crush the paper. Proceedings were instituted for a libel on the Hon. Henry Grey Bennett, a brother of Lord Tankerville; but Hook was as wily as he was witty, and no legal "discovery" could be made of the editor or the real authors of the libel. By impudently repudiating all connection with himself in his own paper, Hook escaped, and the journal went on with unabated audacity. After the death of the queen, the tone and temper of the *John Bull* changed, but its editor still continued to fasten upon Joseph Hume, whom he continually held up to ridicule. But except as regards Hume and a few others, the lampoonist became moderately quiet. Samuel Rogers's puns took the place of

political libels; Mrs. Ramsbottom succeeded to Mrs. Muggins, and Hook abandoned himself to the full flow of his natural humor. Up to the time of his death Hook received a fixed salary as editor of the paper, but the proprietorship early passed into other hands.

In 1824, Hook published the first series of his collection of tales entitled "Sayings and Doings." They were unquestionably brilliant, but when his biographer asserts that they "placed him at once in the highest rank of the novelists" he asks too much to be reasonably granted. It requires something more than Hook possessed to the making of a great novelist. However, the success of the tales was well warranted by their decided cleverness. Of the first three volumes no fewer than six thousand copies were sold; and in addition to the original sum of £600 paid for the copyright, Colburn, on completing the purchase of the second series for one thousand guineas, very handsomely presented the author with a cheque for £150, to which he subsequently added another for £200. In 1829 the third series was published, for which also Hook received one thousand guineas. Some of the tales in "Sayings and Doings" are witty, and others are painfully realistic in their delineation of human passions.

To the "Christmas Box," an annual for children, Hook contributed some amusing verses against the practice of punning. Entick's Dictionary, by publishing "a table of words that are alike, or nearly alike in sound, but different in spelling and signification," had given distinct provocation to the evil of punning:—

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your
aunt an *ant* may kill;
 You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may
 pay the *bill*.
 Or if to France your bark you steer, at
 Dover, it may be,
 A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who, blind,
 still goes to *sea*.
 Thus one might say when to a treat good
 friends accept our greeting,
 'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should
 eat their *meat* when *meeting*.

Brawn on the board's no bore indeed, although from *boar* prepared ;
Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be declared.

And so on, through a great number of stanzas. "Maxwell, one of Hook's best novels, and the most perfect as regards plot, was published in 1830. It was succeeded three years later by "The Parson's Daughter" and "Love and Pride," both in three volumes. The writer alternated his novels with the "Memoirs of Kelly," the actor, and his "Life of Sir David Baird," works of real merit, and still the only biographical records we possess of those well-known men. In 1836, Hook became editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, at a salary of £400 per annum, exclusive of the sums to be paid for original contributions. Here he began the issue of his very popular novel, "Gilbert Gurney." This story contains many of the author's own adventures, and it is full of the most uproarious fun.

It would be a great mistake, nevertheless, to suppose that this humorous writer never had a serious purpose. Even in this most rollicking of books, "Gilbert Gurney," we find him playing the part of a social reformer. His scathing and painful denunciation of the abuses of the Old Bailey in the olden times remains indelibly fixed upon the memory. He shows us how judges delivered scandalously unjust charges, frequently jumbling up the evidence of witnesses for the prosecution and the defence together ; while the juries had a regular system of finding prisoners guilty or not guilty by rotation. The consequence was that innocent persons were sometimes sent into penal servitude for offences which they never committed, and the most perjured villains escaped punishment altogether. It is matter for rejoicing that this travesty of justice in criminal trials is now a thing of the past. The Old Bailey has been purged, and it possesses at this day a very different appearance and a very different character from what it did in the early part of this century. Hook also admirably

satirized the humors of the Mansion House, when a rough, uncouth tradesman could be hob-and-nob with a prince of the blood on the 9th of November, and descend into an ungrammatical and vulgar obscurity on the 10th. Occasionally, the author had a really tender touch, as when he described the anguish of his hero, Gilbert Gurney, upon the death of his idolizing but misprized mother.

How true it is [exclaims Gurney] that when those we have adored are gone—when those lips we have loved are sealed in silence, and can no longer speak a pardon for our indiscretions or omissions—we reproach ourselves with inattentions and unkindnesses, which at the time they were committed would, perhaps, have been matters of indifference or even jest.

In 1836 appeared Hook's novel, "Jack Brag." As the name implies, the hero was a vulgar, vain, and impudent fellow, whose delight it was to be a hanger-on of shady members of the aristocracy. His rise and fall afford room for curious reflections. This story was succeeded by one with the curious newspaper title of "Births, Marriages, and Deaths." In spite of its curious title, it was a novel with an ambitious aim, but it is not to be met with now. "Precepts and Practice," which was the last of its author's efforts, was published in 1840. Hook has been compared with Dickens, but the points of difference are far greater than the points of resemblance, and Dickens is far superior to his brother humorist both in originality and minute study of character.

Hook's early pecuniary success led him to give up the house at Putney in 1827, and to take a large and fashionable mansion in Cleveland Row. Dazzled by what he regarded as his brilliant prospects, he was lavish in his hospitality and his modes of life generally, and disastrous consequences ensued. Becoming embarrassed, he fell into the meshes of usurers and bill discounters. Yet his society was eagerly sought after in fashionable circles, and he was a member of the Athenæum, Crockford's, and the Carlton.

He was also one of the original members and promoters of the Garrick Club. In 1831 he was obliged to abandon his town house, and to retire to a smaller residence at Fulham. On one occasion at this place, a friend was viewing Putney bridge from a little terrace that overhung the Thames, when he observed to his host that he had heard it was a good investment, and inquired "if such were the case—if the bridge really answered?" "I don't know," said Theodore, "but you have only to cross it, and you are sure to be tolled."

But although he had moved to the quiet suburb of Fulham, he could not escape from the social vortex. He was still in request at the clubs, and at the houses of the aristocracy, where his society was eagerly looked forward to. Every year found him more deeply embarrassed pecuniarily, while he was slowly killing himself by late nights and social dissipation. To the last he bore up, however, but once as he stood with his coffee in his hand in a fashionable drawing-room, he suddenly turned towards a large mirror and said, "Ah! I see I look as I am—done up in purse, in mind, and in body too at last." His old brilliant powers of improvisation were now only a memory. In the daytime he still strove to work at his new novel, "*Peregrine Bunce*," but it was never completed. Serious disorders of the liver and stomach already had him in their grip. On the 13th of August, 1841, he took finally to his bed, and on the 24th of the same month he expired. He left a wife and five children, who were relieved by a subscription set on foot by four true-hearted friends. A sum of nearly £3,000 was subscribed, the king of Hanover alone—who was a warm admirer of Hook's talents—subscribing £500.

Hook's political songs were very clever, though of course to a great extent they have lost their point with the present generation. "Having been frequently put to the blush by hearing very modest young ladies, without a blush, warbling forth the amatory effu-

sions of Mr. Thomas Moore, he was induced to purify some of the especial favorites of his muse from their grossness, and to convey through the medium of his exquisite melodies a moral which was not intended by the poet." Canning, Tierney, Brougham, Grey, and others figured in these melodies, which caused much amusement to both political parties. When Lord Goderich resigned the premiership suddenly in 1827, Hook threw off a capital piece of pleasantry in the shape of a police case, wherein Frederick Robinson was charged at Bow Street with quitting his master's service without giving due warning.

But "*The Ramsbottom Letters*" were the best effusions in Hook's comic vein. Mrs. R.'s description of "*England and France*" is delightful. The old lady left London by way of Westminster Bridge, to "*explode the European continent*." Having heard travellers lament that they had not put down what they called the *memory bilious* of their journeys, she determined while on her *tower* to keep a *dairy*, so called from containing the cream of one's information. Before leaving London she visited Westminster Hall, and admired its curious roof, after which, as everybody knows, its builder was called William *Roofus*. "When we came to the Green Man at Blackheath," she continues, "we had an opportunity of noticing the errors of former travellers, for the heath is green and the man is black." At Rochester, the travellers "went to the Crown Inn, and had a cold *collection*; the charge was *absorbent*." As they passed near Chatham they saw several Pitts, and some one showed them the Lines at Chatham, which they saw very distinctly, with the clothes drying on them. On arriving at Dover they went to bed immediately after dinner, as they had to get up early, "to be ready for *embrocation* on the packet in the morning." When on board the steam packet, Mrs. R. was much surprised at the cabin, "where ladies and gentlemen are put upon shelves like books in a library, and where tall men are

doubled up like boot-jacks, before they can be put away at all. A gentleman in a hairy cap, without his coat, laid me perpendicularly on a matrass, with a basin by my side, and said that was my *birth*. I thought it would have been my death, for I never was so indisposed in all my life. There was no *symphony* to be found amongst the tars (so called from their smell), for just before we went off I heard them throw a painter overboard, and directly after they called out to one another to hoist up an ensign. I was too ill to inquire what the poor young gentleman had done."

Mrs. R. reported this incident just before reaching Calais: "I was very much distressed to see that a fat gentleman who was in the ship, had fallen into a fit of *perplexity* by over-reaching himself, and if it had not been that we had a doctor in the ship, who immediately opened his *temporary* artery and his *jocular* vein with a lancelet which he had in his pocket, I think we should have seen his end. It was altogether a most moving spectacle: he thought himself dying, and all his anxiety in the midst of his distress was to be able to add a *crocodile* to his will, in favor of his niece, about whom he appeared very *sanguinary*." She deemed it right to warn travellers against the fish at Calais hotels, for she overheard one of the waiters call it *poison*. The French were still so fond of Bonaparte that they called the table-cloths *Naps*, in compliment to him. After dinner she was asked to have a *chasse*, but she was afraid of a hunting-party late at night; then she found that *chasse* was a *lickure* called *cure a sore* (from its healing qualities), and very nice it was. At Paris the travellers put up at the Hotel Wag Ram, in the Rue de la Pay, so called from its being the dearest part of the town. "At the end of it is the place Fumdum, where there is a *pillow* as high as the Trojan's Pillow at Rome, or the *pompous pillow* in Egypt."

The old lady thus continues: "We lost no time in going into the gardens of the *Tooleries*, where we saw the

statutes at large in *marvel*; here we saw Mr. Backhouse and Harry Edney, whoever they might be, and a beautiful grupe of *Cupid and Physic*, together with several of the *busks* which Lavvy has copied, the original of which is in the *Vacuum* at Rome, which was formerly an office for government thunder, but is now reduced to a stable, where the pope keeps his *bulls*." They afterwards visited the great church of *Naughty Dam*, where they staid mass, so called from the crowd of people who attend it, and the priest was very much incensed; they heard the *Tedium* sung, which occupied three hours. They next saw a beautiful statue of Henry Carter, and Mrs. R. fancied she saw in him a likeness to the Carters of Portsmouth. When the theatre was discussed, she was surprised to hear a great deal about *Racing* and *Cornhill*. They went to the *Jem Narse*, where, after one of the singers had done, "although everybody laughed, the whole house called out *beast, beast*, and the man, notwithstanding, was foolish enough to sing the song all over again." One of the old lady's daughters unfortunately caught a cold and *quiltar* through visiting the *Hecatombs*; a second daughter sprained her *tender hercules*; while a third caught a *military* fever, which it was hoped would be cured by putting her through a *regiment*, and giving her a few *subterfuges*. At the *symetery* of the *chaise* and pair Mrs. R. amused herself by copying the *epigrams* on the tombstones. One of the latter, which looked like a large bath, was described to her as a *sark* of a *goose*. At the *Shamp de Mars* she saw a review of the *Queerasses* of the Royal Guard by a sister of the late *Dolphin* — the *Dolphin* of France is the same as the Prince of *Whales* in England. The Duke of Anglehame came by, who was quite a *Ramrod* in the chase. Mrs. R.'s travelling friend Mr. Fulmer bought two pictures in Paris — one of *Ten Years*, the other of *Old Beans*.

The Ramsbottoms afterwards visited Rome, "or the *infernal* city, as it is called." They went to the church of *Salt Peter*, and they saw a great *statute*

of *Salt Peter* himself, though Mr. Fulmer thought it to be *Jew Peter*. The visitors also went to the church of St. John the *Latter end*. At the *Veteran* (which Mrs. R. foolishly called *Vacuum* until she went there) they found many beautiful *statutes*, including one of the body of the angel Michael, "which has been ripped to pieces, and is therefore said to be *Tore-so*." *Raffles's "Transmigration"* they thought to be finer than his *Harpoons*. There were several beautiful works by *Hannah Bell Scratchy*, and a fine *Dilapidation* of St. John by *George Honey*. There was splendid cemetery observable in the *Venus of Medicine*. The party exploded the *Arch of Tights* and the *Baths of Diapason*, but Miss Lavvy had the misfortune to fall down on the *Tarpaulin Rock* in one of her *revelries*. When they returned to England, Mrs. R. hoped to go to a little property in Gloucestershire, but as she found that her late husband's creditors had got a *lion* on the estate, she would not expose herself to the mercy of a wild creature like that. She had a French son-in-law who was so clever that Mr. Fulmer said he put him in mind of *Confusion*, the old China philosopher, who was a mandolin a few years ago. Mrs. R. took a house in Southampton Street, London, which formerly belonged to Garrick, who wrote "*The School for Scandal*" and all Shakespeare's plays, and who frequently had to dine with him Mr. Johnston, of Covent Garden, and an old Goldsmith, of the name of Oliver. Through her son-in-law she became acquainted with the Admirable Sir Sidney Smith, who made such a disturbance in Long Acre many years ago. She was surprised to hear from another son-in-law, who was a member of Parliament, that there was a dining-room at the House of Commons. "Fulmer says you may see many a man who has a *stake* in the country taking his *chop* there. The place has also been famous for its *beef-steaks* ever since the Rump Parliament. I believe the House of Lords says for

the dinners of the House of Commons, for I see they very often carry up their *bills* to them."

All the letters are full of similar whimsical ideas and happy turns of thought. In his reviews of books in *John Bull* Hook wielded a more deadly pen, and many an author dreaded his satirical onslaughts. He gave Tommy Moore especially a severe roasting for his "*Loves of the Angels*." But one cannot help thinking of the miserable man himself, who, notwithstanding all his brilliant wit and satire, was one of the most wretched of beings. When in his last struggles with death, he had little that he could look back upon with satisfaction and composure. His half century of life had been largely misspent, and while admiring his natural gifts and genius, posterity can but commiserate the man, passing as lightly as may be over his foibles and follies.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

FELICITY BROOKE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS MOLLY."

PART I.

Courage and Passion are the Immortal facts of Life. Where they pass, the world marks the spot.

To an outsider the confusion might have seemed purposeless, but, in truth, all this noise and running hither and thither, and clanging of bells, and shouting of sailors, meant that the last moments were being counted out, before the City of Prague started on her Atlantic journey.

The deck was crowded in the usual way with those assembled to speed the parting,—those who had many playful words at command, and those to whom it was sad earnest, and no word of any sort was possible.

A little apart from where the many mourned or joyed, a man and a woman stood close together by the vessel's side,—the man half kneeling on a seat, the woman standing straight and motionless by his side. Enough like-

ness to pronounce them brother and sister; the same straight features and blonde hair, the same slenderness of figure and grace of movement.

"Aymer," she bent forward, after a silence which seemed the result of a difficulty in wording her thoughts, and so leaning, laid her hand on his shoulder, "you are going to be happy out there?"

"Don't you worry about me,"—though he did not turn his eyes from where they were fixed on the shore, there was a thrill of feeling in his tones. "Anyway, you know," suddenly looking up, "it was not *your* fault."

"She was *my* friend," the woman said sadly. "If I had not loved her, believed in her, I should not have wished my only brother to marry her. I cannot even now think what tempted her!"

"Cannot you?" the man retorted, mockingly. "I do not attempt to compare myself to a grey-bearded, decrepit duke!"

"Ah, hush, Aymer," his sister interposed gently, "do not be bitter. Vanity, ambition, may govern one woman, but do not allow yourself to imagine it is the rule for all."

"Not while *you* live, Hilda,"—he spoke more gravely, and he took her hands in his as he spoke; "but remember, it is not the vanity or ambition which I judge so severely—let her try what they will do to help her!—but the cowardice," there was a sudden flash in the grey eyes, "which kept me dangling on through a long delusive engagement—to end in this. There," standing upright, "that is the last word,—and I did not intend it should have been spoken; what is the good! I am going to America to shoot big game, and generally amuse myself; Wyndham will meet me in New York, and from there I will write to you, and give you a fresh address. Write often, won't you?"

"Of course. And you? You will not let long silences give me time to grow anxious?" He did not reply,

but he laid his hand over the one that rested on his arm, and side by side they paced slowly up and down the deck.

Good-byes are said in so many ways. Hilda Forsythe's grey eyes were full of tears, though not one fell; her voice when she spoke—and words grew fewer with each passing moment—trembled a little, but each syllable reached her listener's ear,—the touch of the hand on hers told her what the separation cost her companion. Perhaps behind the silence there was as bitter a heartache as that which found expression in those loud sobs, at the sound of which she looked round startled.

A dowdy, fair-haired, elderly German weeping loudly and unrestrainedly, her reddened eyelids and wet cheeks forming a most unpicturesque exhibition of woe. But utterly heedless of spectators, regardless of the angry words and pushes of those who would have thrust her aside, her bonnet crooked, her ungloved hands in her companion's, she stood there pouring out last words and thoughts.

With the instinct of avoiding such an exhibition of trouble, Mrs. Forsythe turned back, and as she did so, "Oh, Aymer," she exclaimed, roused from her own thoughts, "what a beautiful girl!"

His eyes followed the direction of hers. "Yes," he said absently, "she is handsome,—she is with that Niobe over yonder! They have come, or rather she has come, to say good-bye to that German lover,—or brother."

"Brother, I think," Hilda said gently; "they are very much alike." But while she spoke, her eyes still followed the now vanishing figure of the girl who had attracted her attention. A girl of perhaps fifteen, in a sailor-like dress of blue serge, the shirt open a little at the throat, a cloth cap on her thick curls. Her dark eyes were set under slightly arched brows, a brilliant color was in her cheeks, her young curved mouth was scarlet as a pomegranate bud. A minute later she had

disappeared from sight; her movements were as young and strong and vigorous as the color on her cheeks and the light in her eyes.

"Let us go away from here," Aymer said, as, for about the tenth time, their walk was checked by a hurrying sailor, a mourning or jocose passenger,—"I cannot stand it any longer."

So saying, he turned and sought the solitude of the upper deck. Total solitude, so at least they fancied, till a more complete survey showed them it was shared by the girl whom Mrs. Forsythe had noticed before.

"Wise child," Sir Aymer observed, when he caught sight of the blue serge skirt,— "or discreet child! She has also thought it desirable to put as much space as possible between her and her weeping guardian."

She was evidently unconscious of their presence, for she was kneeling on the seat that ran round the deck, looking down with amusement and interest on the moving, excited crowd below. She held her cap in her hand, and Mrs. Forsythe's looks were still attracted towards her.

"She is beautiful," she said—"a child, of course; and yet there is something about her, perhaps the way her hair grows, that reminds me of the pictures of Henrietta Maria."

"She is rather like her," Sir Aymer replied, looking in her direction for a moment, "though I guess that child did not take as long to arrange her curls as did Henrietta Maria."

The likeness consisted in a wave of the hair from the straight, clear parting, before it rippled and fell in short, thick curls. A few seconds later the dark eyes were raised, and made the discovery that she was no longer alone, and with the discovery she vanished.

When Sir Aymer Digby turned in his walk, and found such to be the case, he was relieved,— it made it easier to say these last words to his sister.

And the moment for last words had arrived.

A great bell was clanging loudly and fiercely, an insistent whistle was rendering speech and hearing alike impos-

sible, the gangway plank was crowded with a stream of people making their way on shore.

Without an explanatory word— when both knew, words were unnecessary— brother and sister followed the departing throng.

For a moment the man paused ere reaching the exit, and clasped a little closer the hand he held, and, at the same moment, stooped his head and kissed her.

"Good-bye, Hilda, I shall look for letters."

"Good-bye, Aymer,"— her voice was unsteady—"remember I shall live in the hope of your return."

For a second her eyes were lifted to his; then her tall figure had mingled with the crowd, almost unconscious, as she hurried along, of anything but her own sad thoughts, behind the shelter of her veil.

On the deck Aymer Digby stood; well aware of those loving, watching eyes, he never moved as long as the outlines of that quiet, tall figure were visible, standing a little apart from the small crowd which surrounded her. And, after all, it was not very long— twilight was throwing a haze over everything, even before his reverie was disturbed by the loud, angry voice which jerked out furious observations, in his immediate vicinity, at the presence still on board of some belated visitor. It did not need the look he gave to assure him that the sobbing woman being hurried away into the semi-darkness, utterly regardless of the angry words, was the same German woman whose loud weeping had alternately annoyed and touched him earlier in the afternoon.

"Well, poor soul, the wrench is over now;" and he looked with a sort of wondering pity at her disordered hair, and red, swollen eyelids, the tears dripping disconsolately down her cheeks; it was with a sigh of relief his eyes turned back to Hilda Forsythe's quiet, graceful figure and clasped hands.

Long after it was impossible to see her, he knew the expression in her tender grey eyes.

The confusion consequent on departure reigned a little longer, but moment by moment routine regained its dominion.

The lights of Queenstown disappeared almost immediately; with the dusk had come up a light mist, not thick enough for fog, but sufficiently penetrating to make the passengers forsake the deck, and seek the shelter of the saloon. When dinner was over only Aymer Digby returned to the deck, and paced its solitary length, as the great ship slipped steadily through the quiet waters, and the stars peered now and then through the filmy mist overhead.

His thoughts were elsewhere, — they had wandered to the land he had left, the sister he had left; almost imperceptibly from her they had wandered to the fair, treacherous woman who had laid bare his life. Painted on the curtain of the darkness appeared the tall, lovely figure, the delicate oval face, the forget-me-not blue eyes, and crown of rich gold hair, a picture that it seemed he might never hope to forget. It was with an impatient movement he recognized whither his thoughts had strayed, — and with the movement, he turned to find himself face to face with one of the officers of the ship.

The man was about to pass him, his solitary pacing did not seem to invite companionship, but Sir Aymer, tired of loneliness, paused, and as he did so: —

"You have got the place to yourself," the new-comer said. "You have made your escape, I suppose, from all the excitement below?"

"Excitement!" Sir Aymer repeated wonderingly; "every one seemed to me half asleep before dinner was over."

"You have not then heard" — the officer laughed as he spoke — "that we have found a 'stowaway' on board?"

"No." Sir Aymer shook his head, and looked inquiringly at his companion, roused to curiosity by something in his voice and smile.

"Oh, not the usual stowaway, a

whimpering, half-starved, half-frightened boy — very much the contrary! This is a fine, handsome girl, not at all frightened or displeased with her performances — and hungry, shockingly hungry. They are feeding her down there now; every one on board is assisting, I should think, except you and me."

"What happened? Did she fall asleep —"

"Bless you, no! I never saw any one wider awake! She hid in the ladies' saloon, and here she is four hours out from Queenstown bound, at any rate, for this voyage! She was with a governess," he continued, as Sir Aymer still looked questioningly at him, "and whilst she was saying good-bye to a friend, our young lady secreted herself, and somehow apparently managed to escape notice in the confusion of departure."

There came to Sir Aymer an instant's pained reminder of the weeping woman from whose presence he had turned away this afternoon — the weeping woman of whom Hilda had spoken pitifully — and almost immediately the doubt was converted into certainty.

"Here she is." And up on deck, close beside where they stood, appeared the blue serge-clad figure of the girl he had noticed.

Certainly no regret or anxiety visible there. The red mouth was curved into happy smiles, the rich color burnt in her cheeks, the black-lashed eyes reflected the smile as she stepped on to the deck. As she stood still a second, the wind lifting her dark curls, health, careless, youthful happiness, was in every line of the fresh face and strong young figure.

By her side was the grey-headed captain; following her a tall, slight, languid American, enveloped in wraps, whose high-pitched voice reached the ears of Sir Aymer Digby as she proffered the contents of her dressing-bag and portmanteau.

"She is a smart girl," she said, as the quicker steps of the other two made hurry requisite to keep up with them, pausing by Sir Aymer's side;

"and a handsome girl," glancing after her with honest admiration; "and only fifteen! My, I would never have thought she was English!"

"And is she?"

"Yes, her name is Felicity Brooke; she is an orphan, and lives with an aunt. The aunt has gone to London, taking her daughters with her, and left miss in the charge of a stupid old German governess at a dull little village in Ireland; but miss has rather turned the tables, I guess," with a slow, careless laugh.

"Rather a mean turning of the tables, is it not, Mrs. Davis?"

The lady laughed again. "Come, now, Sir Aymer, you might allow it was a pretty smart trick."

"You all seem to admire it so much that I suppose it was," Sir Aymer replied dryly. "Well, good-night, I am going to smoke, and I advise you to go down-stairs; it has grown damp and chilly."

A cigar, even a good one, falls short of perfection if not smoked in solitude or congenial company. Although he sat apart with a book as a token of his abstraction, insistent voices would reach his unwilling ears discussing the topic of the hour; and the talk did not call up visions of the dark, handsome girl, but of the poor, weeping woman whom he would gladly have forgotten. It was not long before he returned to the chill, misty night, but he only paced the deck long enough to finish his cigar before seeking his cabin; in dreamland the chances were that old memories and this day's parting would be alike forgotten.

There were very few ladies on board — only Mrs. Davis, languid and delicate, and several mothers whose interests were bounded by families of small children; and it was by their unanimous vote, as much as by the admiration of the many men, that Felicity Brooke stepped into the position of queen — queen and more — a heroine, who had achieved something quite out of the common round, and had brought its enlivenment into the dull routine of

every-day ship-life. A queen who was young and beautiful and brimming over with health and spirits — who had a laugh or a smile for every one; who asked nothing better than to play with the children, or wonderful games of cricket with the men; who was always ready to move Mrs. Davis's pillows, and help her and her innumerable shawls and wraps to another part of the ship, as her fancy might suggest; who was equally ready to pace up and down the ship for any length of time by the captain's side, asking eager questions which it delighted him to answer, or listening to his tales of his home and the little ones there. Truly, by the time they had been three days out at sea, there was not a man or woman on board into whose heart or fancy she had not found her way. If she had favorites — and every queen is in her right there — they were Jem Moore the quartermaster and overburdened Mrs. Meredith, the second-class passenger, taking out her three children who could walk, and her new baby who could not, to join a husband who had gone on before to get things ready, leaving her with her mother, to follow when she was able.

To Jem Moore it was that Felicity confided that really it would have been easier for poor Mrs. Meredith if none of the four had been able to walk. "And it would have been kinder, don't you think, Jem, if her husband had taken some of them with him? It seems to me rather unfair."

And Jem agreed. "Yes, miss; but still, you see, the mother understands them better. What would a man do when they're all howling together, as they were last night?"

But this was no answer for Felicity. "He *ought* to know what to do, just the same," she answered severely. "It is quite as unpleasant for Mrs. Meredith."

"I hope he will have found work," Jem observed, his mind flying on to a more important topic; "it will be bad for these poor things if he hasn't."

But the future did not trouble Felicity Brooke.

"I am going to them now," she said, excusing herself. "I have promised to play with them a little ; it rests Mrs. Meredith."

Jem's admiring eyes followed her strong, lithe figure as she walked away. Other eyes turned and watched her also ; even the captain stopped and called to her by name, but she continued on her way, with a little flush of gratified vanity as she shook her head and repeated her refusals.

Vanity is almost as observant as love ; indeed, as it is a matter of head, not heart, it is a question whether it is not more quick to note any remissness in its courtiers. Amongst all the eager, kindly voices, one alone was not heard — one pair of grey eyes was never lifted from a book.

"Good-morning, Sir Aymer." Impossible to turn a deaf ear to the sound of his own name, Sir Aymer looked up, though there was little encouragement to prolong the conversation in his unsmiling eyes. But Felicity Brooke was not to be daunted by unsmiling eyes or even grave silence. To reign a queen has this advantage—it gives confidence.

"What a glorious day !" To bring herself nearer to the level of him she addressed, she drew closer some absent passenger's chair and seated herself, and, as she did so, she took off her cap and fanned herself slowly with it. "I am very hot," she said, as if apologetically. "Cricket on board ship makes one much hotter than it does on shore."

"I dare say," he replied politely, and, as it seemed his turn to say something, "Are you a cricketer ?" he questioned.

"Yes, I am rather good."

She spoke modestly, but there was no mistaking that the "rather" was only added for the sake of conventionality. For a moment she was silent, her eyes turned seaward, but wherever her thoughts may have been, they were not bent on self. The glaring sunlight flooded her, bringing out red gold gleams in her thick, dark curls—it almost seemed as if it was reddening her cheeks as she waited ; the slender

hand that slowly waved the cap was brown as a Spaniard's.

"If Bob—he is my brother—had been allowed to spend his holidays with me,"—the silence was suddenly broken,— "I should never have wished to run away. I was quite as good as a brother to him—he often said so. I can swim better than he can ; and as for cricket,—riding,—fishing,"—slowly enumerating her accomplishments,— "we were just about equal. You don't believe me, of course," her voice growing more impetuous, as he made no comment, "because I am a girl, but it is true all the same ! I am immensely strong, and," standing up, "now that I have begun to grow, I am not at all a bad height. I am five feet six—Bob always was afraid I should be short."

"My dear child, I am not doubting your list of perfections."

Even to Felicity Brooke's youthful ears the slight strain of irony was audible. She reddened visibly.

"I did not mean to boast," she said quickly ; "of course it was luck—I mean, as there were only the two of us, I had just the same advantages as Bob. If Bob," reverting to her first words, "had been with me, I should have been able to bear it ; as it was"—an expressive silence, a silence which the man interpreted to mean that it rested with him to fill it up with questions, but he did not take advantage of the unspoken permission. The whole story was well known to him through the gossip of the passengers.

But apparently unaffected by the silence, "When they told me that Bob was to spend his holidays in Scotland," she went on, "and that I was to remain alone in Ireland with Fräulein, I knew," lifting her eyes suddenly, "that I should not be able to bear it ! I was rather frightened at first, but after all, it was nothing really—it only wanted a little courage."

"Courage !" The word had scarcely passed her lips before it was repeated by the man. "Don't call things by wrong names. It was a hateful, odious, cowardly thing to do !"

"Cowardly!" There was a blaze of light in her luminous eyes as she echoed his word, in undisguisedly angry tones.

"Some one, I suppose," he said shortly, "has to bear the blame. It seems to me cowardly to have run away, and left it to some one else." His thoughts were with the weeping woman of whom Hilda had spoken pitifully. He scarcely heeded the flushed, angry face of the girl, scarcely noted her quivering lips, as, without a word, she left him. But she did not go on her way as she had intended, to where Mrs. Meredith sat with her children; she hurried in the contrary direction, and a few minutes later her clear voice reached Aymer Digby's ears as she joined the little group playing hopscotch.

The glorious morning was the forerunner of a calm, cloudless day. "It might have been July," the captain said, and the passengers began already to talk of land, and the quickest passage, and of what they should do when once ashore.

"I am worried about that child," Captain Baxter confided to Sir Aymer, as the two loitered about together. "She says she is not going to return to England, but that she has determined to go on to Charleston, where she has relations, and ask them to keep her."

"But that, of course, is nonsense?"

There had been a slight interrogation in Captain Baxter's words to which Sir Aymer's seemed an answer.

"She is a high-spirited girl," the captain observed, "and I expect the aunt with whom she lives finds her a handful."

"It is more than probable. Fortunately, however, with that we have nothing to do. All you have to do is to give her over into the charge of the captain of the next steamer returning this way, and send a telegram to the aunt. Your duties are at any rate clear and limited; it is the aunt, I think, whose position is to be deplored!"

"I don't think," said Captain Bax-

ter weakly, "that the aunt was very kind to her."

"Young ladies, captain, with strong wills, have a fancy for supposing so."

"She is very handsome, don't you think?"

Sir Aymer Digby laughed. "My dear sir, I am afraid that your judgment has been a little suspended in consequence! Imagine, now, one of your own daughters having placed herself, through such an odious trick, in the false position in which this girl finds herself, what would your feelings be?"

Captain Baxter paused and looked seaward, not into the speaker's face, as he answered. Perhaps out there, on the horizon line, his fancy pictured the little toddling children that awaited his return, — perhaps the picture inspired his answer.

"I cannot imagine it," he answered.

"I cannot imagine any child of mine, fatherless and motherless, turning to a stranger, and with those frank, honest eyes telling him 'that she was too unhappy to live in the home selected for her, — that any one must be kinder than the woman who stood to her in her mother's place.' There's something very wrong before such things come to pass, and, please God I reach old Ireland again, I shall find out for myself what it is."

Sir Aymer did not laugh again, but neither was he convinced.

"You are a regular paladin, captain," he said; "you will have this ship the resort of all distressed damsels!"

"That was a mistake, of course," Captain Baxter said gravely, "but — she is only a child, and she did not, I dare say, give much thought to anything but the momentary relief of escape."

"Not much thought to any one but herself," was the reflection Sir Aymer Digby took away with him, but he did not utter it aloud, nor the continuation thereof; "that such was the custom of most women he had known." He did have the grace, however, to except Hilda Forsythe.

"Jem"—flushed with much exercise in the hot sun, Felicity paused by the quartermaster's side that same splendid afternoon—"Jem, it is very insulting, is it not, when a man tells another man that he is a coward?"

"Yes, miss," Jem answered laconically; but he lingered, watching the brilliant face, in expectation of a translation of the mysterious question.

"What would you do,"—she came closer, and lowered her voice confidentially,— "if any one said that to you?"

"Begging your pardon, miss, I should knock him down."

The dark eyes were lifted admiringly to Jem Moore's stalwart proportions and curly locks; then she sighed, a heavy, troubled sigh. "But you see a woman couldn't."

"Couldn't what, miss?"—Jem looked bewildered. "Couldn't knock him down? No, of course not," with a smile; "but then, miss, a man would never say such things to a woman, not leastways to a nice woman."

Felicity Brooke pursued her afternoon walk without another word,—there was not much comfort to be gained from Jem's reply. It was with a heavy heart she approached the spot where Mrs. Meredith, enjoying a momentary respite from crying children, was knitting in the sunshine, one little fellow sitting on her lap, whilst a neighbor amused the three other little things.

Here at any rate was a diversion—a means of banishing undesired thoughts, so easily banished at that age.

"May I take him?" she began directly, kneeling down by Mrs. Meredith's side.

"Oh, miss, he's quiet now," Mrs. Meredith answered deprecatingly; "and he's been that fretful"—she paused, perhaps hoping that the faint discouragement might be acquiesced in. But at fifteen a baby is a toy, like any other toy, to be played with, and nursed and tormented, till its screams make it an undesirable companion, in which case it can be returned to the nurse—or the mother. Felicity was no exception. Heedless of the half-

worded refusal, a minute later she was running up and down the deck, the child in her strong young arms, laughing as he caught at her curls, or smiled at her.

"He is a dear," she said once, as she passed the mother, who looked after him with proud eyes, "and he likes me to play with him. See how he is laughing."

"I am sure he does," Mrs. Meredith said diplomatically, as she returned to her talk with a friend.

"That is the tea-bell." A few minutes later she rose with this remark, and stood up to collect her little flock.

"I must take him now, miss," approaching the side of the vessel as she spoke; "it is very good of you to have played with him so long."

"He does not want to go to you," the girl cried. "See, he loves me best," smiling in glad triumph, and stepping backwards as Mrs. Meredith approached, holding the child up above her head; and as she did so, suddenly the vessel gave a quick, violent lurch, the girl, unable to steady herself, threw out her hand to catch at something where there was nothing, the mother made a dart forward—they were but a step apart—but too late! the child, with a weak cry, had disappeared.

One hoarse, terrible scream rang through the still air and echoed in the ears of every one on deck,—a scream which brought every hearer with a rush to the spot. But that takes minutes, and there was not a minute, not a second's space, between the mother's heart-broken cry and the splash as Felicity Brooke touched the water. The same splash, so it seemed, took Aymer Digby, who had been leaning against the side, in after her.

"Man overboard!" Noise and confusion all around, loud-voiced orders, a sudden cessation of the throb of the engines, an unusual, sudden, fearful silence, broken only by human voices, which sounded so small and unimportant after the loud, incessant breathing of the engine—and away out yonder, a small dark spot on the quiet waters.

"She's got him, she's got hold of him," some one said, and caught Mrs. Meredith's hand, and kept repeating the words mechanically. All in such a moment of time, unrealizable how short, except that the boat was still being lowered, and a man throwing a buoy.

"She would never have had the strength to hold him, though," Jem Moore's voice said, as if in answer; "but she's all right now," glancing towards the swimmer.

A quarter of an hour later the steamer was continuing her course, the strange, awful silence a momentary, hideous dream of what might have been, the child apparently none the worse, safe in his mother's arms, and Felicity Brooke—the water running off her wet clothes, her cheeks whiter than any one had ever seen them—was standing on the deck, whilst one after another of her fellow voyagers crowded round, clasping her hands, uttering words of praise or advice.

"Not another syllable,"—but as he spoke the captain did not move his hand from where it rested on the girl's soaked shoulder; "now, doctor, give your orders—dry clothes and bed, I should think?"

But not all the doctors' orders in the world would have sent Felicity Brooke to bed that night. When the dinner-hour came round she was in her place by the captain's side, the red back in her cheeks. "I just ran up and down the deck till I was warm," she confided to him; "that is what Bob always made me do when I was cold after swimming."

Perhaps it was only the dress, but she looked different to-night, the captain thought. Out of her innumerable toilettes, kind, feeble Mrs. Davis had at last discovered some loose white muslin wrapper, that by the help of judicious pinning had been drawn across the young figure; the long, trailing skirt and open sleeves gave her a more womanly look, which was at variance with the dark, childish eyes, the rich complexion, and unlined cheeks.

She was but a child; she could not

hide the pride and triumph of the moment. It flashed from her dark eyes, and was as intoxicating as the champagne in which they drank her health. It was only afterwards, when the diners dispersed, that she realized there had been an absentee.

"Where is Sir Aymer?"

"Ah, he is not as young as you are," Dr. Grey paused on his way to the door to answer the question; "he has got a chill, and has gone to bed with, I fear, a feverish night before him."

"Oh, I am so sorry;" but as she said the words she was turning away.

"I must go and see the baby," as the captain would have detained her.

"How foolish," Mrs. Davis protested, in her slow southern drawl; "but if you are going, put on my fur cloak. Oh captain! I wish I had had a daughter," she went on, as the girl disappeared. "I should have liked a daughter like that!"

The captain refrained from replying that even if such had been the case, the resemblance would not probably have been great.

"She wants me to take her to Charleston, and give her over to her relations in the South. I should like that; do you think it can be arranged?"

"We must wait till we get to New York, and see," the captain answered diplomatically.

The night was cold, though still; up on deck there were not many people—only a few dark, shadowy forms, most of them discernible by the red light of a cigar. Felicity, in her long, dark cloak, passed unrecognized on her way until the descent to Mrs. Meredith's cabin was reached; but arrived there, a man's figure stepped out of the darkness and approached her.

"Miss," in a hesitating voice.

"Oh, is that you, Jem? I looked for you on deck; I wanted to see you. I am just going down to see how the little boy is."

"He's all right, so his mother says—and you, miss, you are none the worse? It was real brave—and that's what I wanted to tell you."

Her eyes shone at the words, perhaps at some tone in the voice.

"But you see," was all she said, "it was my fault to begin with. I didn't stop to think afterwards, I know; but if I had not done it, if the baby had been drowned" — her voice fell — "it would have been just like murder."

"Oh no, miss, it would have been an accident; but you saved his life, poor little thing, that's sure!"

"And Sir Aymer saved mine. I don't think I could have held the child much longer."

"It was a mercy," Jem observed, "that it was such a still day, and that he was standing so close to you. I got up to the side just as he jumped, and when I saw what a fine swimmer he was, I knew it would be all right. If he had not been so near, I'd have been the first, and gone after you myself."

"Thank you, Jem," Felicity answered soberly; and she laid her slim hand in the sailor's. "I'd rather it had been you, because we've always been good friends; but it was very brave of him," she added, as she moved away, as if afraid she had been rather sparing of her praise.

"It was his duty, miss," Jem replied seriously. The words, perhaps the tone, perplexed her afterwards, when they now and again recurred to her. Unconsciously they served as a sort of reverse of the medal, of which the one side had been given to her.

But a quiet, dreamless night drowned all unpleasant memories, or faintly troubling thoughts, though at breakfast Sir Aymer's empty place reminded her again, with a pang of regret, of his personality.

"Is Sir Aymer still ill, Dr. Grey?"

"Yes, he is feverish. I hope, however, it will pass off. It is a bad cold," as her questioning eyes did not leave his face. "He is not very ill, but bed is the safest place."

The doctor turned away — it was a busy hour; the only thing left to do was to go on deck and join in the sports there. But a little later she had escaped, and had sought out Mrs. Meredith.

"I have to keep running over to see how he is," she explained, kneeling down on the deck, where the boy slept, his fat hand under his rosy cheek; "he looks quite well, don't you think?"

"Yes, miss, I hope so." Poor Mrs. Meredith! as much could not be said for her. She looked slighter, more delicate than ever; there were dark lines under her eyes, her cheeks even looked thinner. There was a nervous fear in her eyes as the girl knelt by the child; she stooped and arranged the shawl that covered him, touching his cheek with her hand as she did so.

"You look very tired," Felicity said.

"Yes, miss, I *am* tired," she said patiently; "the children were naughty, and I could not sleep. I was so nervous and upset, and I kept thinking — Oh, miss," breaking off suddenly, "you are a brave young lady! And the gentleman too. He is ill, the doctor says, but I cannot rest till I have thanked him. I am just going down to see him."

"Oh, I'll go with you," Felicity cried, getting up hastily. "Of course he must think it unkind of us not to have been before. Come," she had started impetuously, whilst Mrs. Meredith was still giving over the care of the sleeping child to a friend.

"Come in."

The answer to the low knock was certainly given in extremely cross tones, but Mrs. Meredith did not observe the fact; she was not suspicious, and her mind was too much preoccupied to perceive how very unwelcoming was the reception her entrance met with.

"I have come," she began directly, "to thank you. I could not wait any longer, and when they told me you were ill —"

"Do sit down. Please," as she hesitated, swaying a little from side to side; and it was only when she took the one camp-stool, and seated herself obediently, that Sir Aymer became aware of the other figure in the doorway, the figure in the well-known blue

serge, looking at him with frank sympathy in her dark eyes. "Yes, it is I," she said, in answer to the look; "I wanted to thank you," and she took a step nearer. "We should both have been drowned if it had not been for you."

He did not reply to her words, but he spoke kindly to the woman, asking after the child, questioning her about her future and her past, and there was something in his softened tone which showed he was touched by her expressions of gratitude.

When she rose, it was in begging that he would send for her if there was anything she could do.

"You look very feverish, sir, and you are so hoarse—I am afraid you have a bad cold."

"I am afraid so."

In the doorway she paused, waiting for her companion. As she had risen, Felicity had slipped down on to the vacated seat. Leaning a little nearer, so that only Sir Aymer caught the words,—so near that her dark curls touched his hand, "Tell me," she said impetuously, "was it brave? Did you think so?"

"Brave," he repeated. "Jumping overboard do you mean? Doubling the danger for me, and the risk for every one! No, foolhardy, if you want a name. At least, that is what I should call it, if a sister of mine had behaved in the same way."

"But I can swim." The eager pride had faded off her face; she was still leaning forward, looking anxiously at him.

"So can I," he replied shortly; "and as I am a strong man, and you are a child, it stands to reason that, as I was there, to say nothing of many others, you were not the right person to go."

"The captain said"—there was a flash of anger in her eyes and in the quick tones of her voice—"that I was a plucky little devil—I heard him say so to the doctor!"

"I should have used another adjective," was all Sir Aymer replied, rather curtly, too, as if he had had enough of

the subject, and his hand lifted the book beside him as he spoke. Mrs. Meredith was still standing there; if Sir Aymer was unaware of the fact, she noted the quiver of the red lips, she knew that the tears were very near falling.

"Come, missy," she said kindly, and she put her arm round the girl, "we must go back, or Johnny will be waking and crying for me. Gentlemen are always cross when they are ill," she observed discreetly, as they walked away side by side; "they are not used to it, and it frets them, and they say things they don't mean."

Kindly, comforting interpretation of many uncomfortable words and acts!

But Aymer Digby probably thought—if he thought of them at all—that they were very pardonable, as he reflected that another feverish night was in store for him; and feverish nights were apt to be haunted with the memory of a faithless woman, whom he had loved.

The same brilliant sunshine that had greeted them day after day welcomed their arrival in New York.

"You have brought us good weather," the captain told Felicity as she sat by his side for the last time at breakfast; and immediately afterwards there was the excitement of approaching land, and farewells and last words to pass the time, until the landing hour had actually arrived, and certainty should take the place of doubt as to what her next step should be.

Sir Aymer was well again—nominally, that is; he still coughed and was unpleasantly reminded, at every moment, of that plunge into the ocean, but he was the only one to whom any evil consequence clung.

Mrs. Meredith lost some of her careworn appearance when her husband came on board with the news of good health and steady employment. He looked strong and healthy enough to be able to lift some of the weight off her over-burdened shoulders. With children clinging on either side, and the baby in his arms, he stood still, listen-

ing to the story of Johnny's escape, told in duet by Jem Moore and Mrs. Meredith. His somewhat stolid countenance did not betray any emotion, but when the recital was over, he handed the baby to Mrs. Meredith, and, solemnly divesting himself of the other manifold packages in his arms, he took Felicity's hand in his great clasp and wrung it several times.

"Well, I never!" he repeated once or twice; but of further expressions he seemed incapable. Gratitude seemed swallowed up in wonder. After that he continued on his way laden with parcels and babies, like some great merchantman, feeble Mrs. Meredith following in the wake, and Felicity holding the baby.

"It is the last time I can hold the dear little thing,"—and Mrs. Meredith, recognizing the awfulness of the deprivation, felt obliged to consent.

"Who is that girl?" as the little procession passed by, Percy Wyndham—who was on board, discussing future plans with Sir Aymer Digby—stopped in mid speech to inquire. "What a handsome girl!"

"She is a Miss Brooke," Sir Aymer replied. He was loyally silent as to the escapade which had brought her, though he was aware of the curiosity in his friend's face.

"One of the Brookes of Holden?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"What on earth is she doing here?"

"She is at school, I believe," he answered vaguely, "but I really know nothing of her; she is only a child."

"She will be a lovely woman," Mr. Wyndham answered, "or I am much mistaken." But Aymer Digby had nothing to say or foretell on the subject, and the conversation drifted to more important topics.

"I will get my things together," he said, "and meet you at the hotel in a couple of hours, and we can make our plans," and on that agreement they separated.

Left alone, he walked over to the captain's cabin, into which, a quarter of an hour before, he had seen disappear Felicity's blue serge skirt. Yes,

she was there, but as he opened the door she passed him, hurrying away, leaving him and the captain alone.

"I was talking to her," the captain remarked. "This," touching a telegram, "was awaiting me. It is from her aunt,"—he put it into Sir Aymer's hand as he spoke:—

"Return by next steamer. Mrs. Lucas will meet you, and take you to school in London."

"She does not want to go," Captain Baxter observed, as he laid it down. "She wants to go to Charleston with Mrs. Davis."

"I suppose her wishes don't very much matter, after all," Sir Aymer commented. "Which is the steamer?"

"The France leaves to-morrow."

"That is fortunate." He waited. It was a moment before the captain added, "Mrs. Davis is taking her ashore; she will stay with her to-night at the hotel."

"Well, I must be saying good-bye, though perhaps we shall meet again. Good-bye."

But at the door he turned back. "Has she money?" he asked, rather awkwardly.

"Oh, there's no difficulty about that. Mrs. Davis will see she gets all she wants."

Sir Aymer breathed a sigh of relief when he had shaken hands with Captain Baxter, and stood once more on deck. It was empty of passengers now; there was no one visible except officers and sailors, and one girlish figure walking up and down,—evidently awaiting him, for, as he appeared, she hurried to his side at once.

"Sir Aymer, I have made up my mind—I am going back to England to-morrow in the France." There was a ring of exultant triumph in her voice.

"Well, I don't see that you have much choice, have you? Your aunt has telegraphed her instructions to the captain."

"But I might go on to Charleston with Mrs. Davis," she persisted.

"My dear child, at your age young ladies do what they are told, not what they fancy."

She half turned her head away ; the soft curls hid her eyes from him.

"Did you see the telegram?" she questioned,—something had gone out of her voice,— "she is sending me to school in London."

"The result of making fools of ourselves," he replied slowly, "is rarely agreeable." There was perhaps an added poignancy of personal suffering in the remark.

Two tears slowly made their way into the dark eyes, but she stared steadfastly out to sea the while behind those sheltering curls. She furtively brushed them away, and no others followed them.

She walked very uprightly by his side to the gangway, holding her head very high, and he was quite unconscious of the effect of his words. He said good-bye, and did not even once look back to where she stood leaning against the vessel's side, watching his retreating form, till he had vanished out of her sight. And even then she lingered, before she turned, to find Jem Moore approaching.

"I am going back to England," she said, "to-morrow, in the *France*, and when I get there I am to be sent to school in London."

"Well, it won't be for long," Jem observed consolingly.

"Three years, I suppose—it seems to me centuries," she replied despondingly. "Well, the very first thing I shall do when they are over will be to go on another voyage, and if it could be on the same ship as you are on, I should choose it; so if you leave this, you must be sure to tell me."

"That I will, surely."

"I will give you my address. You had better write to Bob's house—that is my brother—then it is sure to reach me. That is it:—

*Robert Brooke, Esq.,
Holden Manor,
Elsdon.' "*

She wrote it as she spoke, and handed it to him. "And if you should hear anything of the Merediths, Jem, you might mention it in your letter. I

asked Mrs. Meredith to write, but she says she is a poor correspondent, and she does not think there will be much time for writing."

"Not likely," Jem assented.

"Mr. Meredith seemed very nice, don't you think?" she went on. "He is very quiet, but he looked kind; and even the little children did not seem to mind him, and Mrs. Meredith was rather afraid that they might not like him."

With this view of the case Jem Moore coincided—in fact, he quite endorsed her summing-up of Mr. Meredith as a husband and father, adding thereto that he preferred the silence to what might have been. "I was rather afraid, miss, as I told you once, as to what sort of a man he might be, but I was glad when I saw he wasn't a jabberer!"

Certainly no one could bring that accusation against him. And in this fact he seemed to take much comfort, and Felicity Brooke also reflectively, as to the future prosperity of the Meredith family.

After that parting there was nothing to do but to return to the captain and listen to the plans for to-day and to-morrow. But whatever sorrow might have been at her heart, she kept up a good spirit; there was no reflection of it on her face, no tone of it in her voice. She never alluded again to the future, or of the fate that was awaiting her; she did not even give Captain Baxter the chance of offering all the sympathy with which his kind heart was overflowing.

"Mrs. Davis will take you ashore," he said, "and you must rig yourself out with all you want."

"I was going to ask you," she said, and she grew rather red, "if you would lend me some money. Bob will send it back directly, I know. I can't pay him till I come of age, but he will wait—he is very generous."

"Oh, the money is all right," Captain Baxter replied brusquely. "Tell me what you want; or, perhaps, I had better speak to Mrs. Davis."

"Yes, that will be much better," Fe-

licity assented. "I don't think I told you before, but when I am twenty-one I shall be very rich, and then I mean to live with Bob; we settled that the last time I saw him."

"How old is he?" the captain asked, tenderly curious.

"He is one year older than I am. Time goes very slowly, does it not?"

But the captain could not echo the reflection, and it was with a laugh they went out to look for Mrs. Davis.

Even the next day, when he took her on board the *France*, and gave her into the charge of the new captain, and the very last moment had arrived, there was still no flinching, no fear of what was to come, no outward lack of courage. It was there, Captain Baxter knew, when he felt the slim, sunburnt hand cling to his; he recognized something of what she was enduring in that convulsive clasp, guessed more when he noted how the rich color had faded, and how often the red lips quivered. But there was not a word to show it, or to ask for the sympathy he was so ready to bestow, and which her silence kept out of reach; but it was that knowledge that made him stoop his grey head and kiss her smooth cheek when he said good-bye—that knowledge that prompted his thoughts of her as he drove away afterwards, "A beautiful child!—and what courage—what courage!"

PART II.

Though Love do all that Love can do,
My heart will never ache or break
For your heart's sake.

LONDON at the very height of the season. Dusty already, and hot, though it was still early in June, and the night air was pleasant and refreshing; so thought at least Sir Aymer Digby, as, leaving his hansom, he mounted slowly the steps of a great house in a fashionable square.

"It is three years,—more," he reflected, "since I was in a ball-room. I wonder what is taking me to-night?"

But he did not really wonder, only

we are all inclined to keep up those little fictions, even with ourselves.

"Aymer, so you have returned! I did not believe it, and am all the more glad to see you. Come and tell me what you have been doing."

"My dear Ferris, I have far more to learn than to tell. I feel like an outer barbarian. Come,—instruct me. Tell me all about everybody."

But the whole time he stood talking with his old friend, he was well aware of all that went on around, of almost every passer-by in the crowded rooms; was well aware, though he never turned his head, when a beautiful blonde woman passed slowly by, her hand on the arm of an old man, whose age was scarcely concealed, under all the assistance that art could give. So close did they pass that the golden brocade of her train swept against him, brocade scarcely more golden than the rich plaits of hair, under their diamond coronet; so close that his friend paused a moment before he risked his comment.

"The Duchess of Huntingdon, as beautiful as ever—hers is a beauty that time does not seem to touch."

And at the same moment, "She smiled oftener when I knew her," the other man was thinking, as she mingled with the crowd.

Yes, it was for that he had come here—with some vague idea of testing his own weakness and strength, that he was standing in this brilliant room, amongst all the greatest in the land; and it was with a wave of thankfulness he recognized that the wound had healed, that the cold, beautiful face in which he had once read his fate, now held no power to sway him either to grief or joy. It had been a slow, agonizing recovery, but the wound had healed at length.

And all the time his friend was slowly remembering the old story, cursing the luck that had made him revive it, by his passing allusion to a woman whose name could only call up bitter or unhappy thoughts.

"The new beauty is better worth looking at," with nervous anxiety to say

something, and a nervous consciousness that he had said the wrong thing.

But Aymer Digby seemed unaware of it.

"You must point her out to me," he said carelessly; all the time he was rejoicing over his regained strength—rejoicing that he had proved it, and that he need fear no more.

"There, look to your right,"—he was conscious of his friend's words, of a light touch on his arm, and, glancing in the direction indicated, became aware of a small group, the centre of which was evidently the girl in question. He could not see her distinctly, her head was bent, he could only vaguely distinguish a beautiful figure clad in white satin, that fell in straight folds, and was devoid of flounces and ornaments alike,—of a white throat, round which was clasped a single string of pearls, of pearls twisted into thick, dark hair; then the bent head was lifted, and she walked away, a very straight, beautiful—yes, certainly beautiful—young figure, and disappeared with her partner.

But he saw her again; this time she was talking to the man who had pointed her out to him, and he watched her with a certain idle curiosity, a certain half-careless wonder as to what would be the end of her story. This first chapter reminded him of another story—that fair-haired young man who hovered near her was probably the hero of the romance; and then he smiled at the thought of how much he had conjectured.

"What do you think of her?" His friend was back by his side. "Beautiful, is she not? It is no wonder she has turned every one's head."

"Beautiful," Sir Aymer repeated vaguely. "Well, good-night, I have had a look round. I am going to slip away. Balls are not in my line."

"Oh, you must speak to her first. I have come on purpose to fetch you. She says she knows you."

"Knows me, my dear fellow! that must be a delusion." He was moving slowly away as he spoke. "Why," raising his eyes and looking slowly and

deliberately towards where she stood, "she must have been in the nursery when I left England."

He had made his escape this time. A sudden channel had opened in the crowd. With a parting nod he had gone, and Tom Ferris was left alone. A few minutes later he was back by the girl's side.

"Did you tell him?" she began eagerly.

Mr. Ferris shook his head.

"You are mistaken. He says he has never seen you before—that he has been out of England for years—"

"There, Felicity, now you see," broke in the fair-haired boy—he to whom had been assigned the part of hero—"now you see what comes of seeking out new adorers instead of resting content with faithful people like me."

"How tiresome you are, Jack," half turning her head. "Did you tell him my name?" addressing again her unlucky messenger. "No? Perhaps he might remember it"—her voice was not very assured—"if you were to tell him. He *ought* to remember me," she added more confidently; "he once saved my life."

There was no resisting the petition in the dark eyes. Mr. Ferris said not another word, but turned back and fought his way through the crowd, till, in the very last room of all, he found himself once more by Aymer Digby's side.

"Going?" he questioned.

"No, I have come after you to ask you to reconsider what you said just now. Miss Brooke is certain that she has met you, and she wishes to speak to you."

"Miss Brooke, did you say? Of course I remember her. I met her once—it was several years ago."

"It seems to have been a memorable meeting?"

Sir Aymer looked at the speaker quickly, suspiciously, but "She was only a child in those days" was all he said.

"Here he comes," the fair-haired boy observed. "Cheer up, Felicity;

the advantage of being six feet two is, that I can see our Gallant Preserver being somewhat unwillingly led hither just when he thought he had escaped."

"How do you do, Miss Brooke? How clever of you to recognize me." He had taken her hand, and was now standing beside her, striving to recall the child he only half remembered in the beautiful radiant girl before him. Yes, of course, now he knew it, he could trace the likeness—the same rich, warm coloring and red mouth, the same dark curls, fastened up now in some way that suited the fashion, and yet which bore the same resemblance that Hilda had noted years ago to those of Henrietta Maria; and now that she looked up, the great dark eyes were just the same—they had not changed in the least. They met his own with the same frank honesty as of old.

But when he had exchanged a few commonplaces, there seemed nothing more to say. With so many possible listeners he was afraid of alluding to the past, which might easily have come to be considered a sealed book; and beyond that one mutual experience, what was there he could find to say to a girl of her age? Escape was once more in mind and eye.

"Don't you dance?" Felicity's voice questioned.

"No; I am afraid I have long passed the dancing age," and he smiled. "But that reminds me that it is not for the sake of conversation we are here to-night; that can be postponed. Don't let me keep you from your partner," looking round until his eyes rested on Jack Curzon.

"Let me throw myself into the breach, Felicity. Now you see what comes of saying you are engaged when you are not! To save appearances, you will have to dance with me, though you said you would not."

"You do dance so badly," she said; but she had flushed scarlet at his words.

"I know I do—vilely; but still I am better than no one."

Sir Aymer made no observation; there seemed nothing else to be done. She put her hand on Jack's arm and turned away.

"He had quite forgotten me," she said defiantly, standing still a moment later. "Did you notice it?" turning to her partner.

"My dear Felicity, incredible as it may appear, I think there was no possibility of *not* noticing it; and considering how you have insisted on our admiring him—both Bob and I—it would have been polite if you had introduced me to him."

"I am so sorry—I never thought of it."

"Comfort yourself with the reflection that, to judge from his speaking countenance, he had had quite enough honor in making the acquaintance of one member of the family."

But even this scathing observation failed to draw forth any rejoinder.

"Quite and entirely cured;" that was what Aymer Digby was saying to himself again, as he walked home slowly under the stars. "I shall always be thankful that I made the effort—it is better to know. A beautiful woman, of course; but her beauty has ceased to interest or affect me. And it is pleasant to be back in London—dear, delightful London—and to see again the old life and the old friends, after these many years with the past for my only companion."

After that evening he often met Felicity Brooke. He called on her, and was presented to her aunt—a very ill-tempered looking person, to whom he vainly strove to make himself agreeable. But though he saw her often, it was always when other people were present, which made it difficult to talk of the past, though she had alluded to it, had spoken of their mutual acquaintances on board the City of Prague, who, as far as he was concerned, had long ago passed into the unreal world of shadows. He had been shown Jem Moore's letter announcing his joining another ship. The letter had amused him, with its quaint wording and de-

tails of life, and the scraps of information he had picked up about the Merediths. The *P.S.* especially had touched his sense of humor :—

"*P.S.*—And I am going to be married after next voyage. I thought you would like to hear. She is a very nice, good girl, I've known all my life. Her name is Sarah Foster."

"I sent her a watch for a wedding present," Felicity observed. "I thought he would like that best, and she wrote me a beautiful letter," her eyes kindling. "I am sure she is just as nice and good as he says."

But that was one rare, little conversation ; as a rule, she was the centre of a crowd of admirers, or else Lady Brooke was a silent listener to every word, in which case, by mutual consent, the past was not referred to. But whoever came or went, Jack Curzon was always in attendance.

Standing watching her one morning as she rode in the Park, Aymer Digby was joined by his friend Ferris.

"She looks very well on a horse, does she not?" following the direction of Aymer's eyes. "Do you know her brother?" he went on. "No? He is at college—a nice boy. He has had the best of it, I expect."

"In what way?"

"Well, I don't expect Lady Brooke is a particularly agreeable person to live with."

"No, I should think not," and Aymer Digby smiled; "but I expect she has her match in her niece."

"Oh, I don't know; a girl has not much chance with a woman of that sort. Her husband was Miss Brooke's uncle—father's brother—and was left her guardian. Then he died, and the duties devolved on this good lady. Bob of course went off to school and college; I don't think he troubled the domestic portals much, and this girl was left in the charge of a match-making mother, with two daughters of her own to marry."

"She married them, I suppose?"

Sir Aymer questioned.

"Yes, very well, according to her

own views. I never saw two girls out of whom all spirit had been so completely taken; they scarcely dared to speak without leave! And then the path clear, the daughters out of the way, a niece who brings five hundred a year to the housekeeping is an agreeable addition."

"And when does she acquire freedom?"

"When she is twenty-one she can go her own way, and comes into a very nice fortune besides, so I believe. But I am only gossiping, I know very little."

"I wonder," Sir Aymer said slowly, "that she does not marry; it would offer a means of escape."

"Rumor says,"—Mr. Ferris lowered his voice impressively,—"*that* that is what she intends to do; and he, who has just joined her, is said to be the man."

Sir Aymer looked up with curiosity; then "*Lord Gresham!*" he exclaimed incredulously.

Mr. Ferris nodded.

"But he is old enough to be her father!"

"It is the fashion amongst beauties," the other man replied carelessly, and then again, too late, would fain have recalled the malapropos words. "He is a fine old man," he added hastily, "greatly respected and admired by every one."

Yes, he at least was not made up to imitate forgotten youth, that was all Aymer Digby could think of, as he walked away. And in addition he had position, and great estates, and a fine old name; his first wife had died years ago and had left him childless—of course, what more likely! A splendid match, every one would tell her so,—out of an unhappy home too, it would be an easy way to freedom.

"Oh, but she is not at all the kind of girl to do that." The words had passed his lips without any reflection; it was of the child on the City of Prague he had been thinking.

"But Lady Brooke is just the kind of woman," his friend had retorted dryly, and he recognized the truth of

the words, that there was another factor in the girl's life to be taken into account. He thought of it all the way home; of course, now the idea was brought to his notice, Lord Gresham was always in attendance. He himself rarely went to balls; his chances of meeting her were limited to a dinner-party, or an afternoon call, but on such occasions, if Jack Curzon was always fluttering round, Lord Gresham was there as well. Of course, the old story! He was conscious of impatience at the thought, and doubtless it would end the same way.

That very evening, as chance would have it, when he entered Mrs. Murray's drawing-room, the first person on whom his eyes fell was Felicity Brooke. For a marvel she was not smiling, or even speaking, but standing by her aunt in an attitude that suggested expectancy. Entering the room, he met her eyes turned towards him, but immediately they fell, and at the same moment Jack Curzon's voice sounded in his ear. He might have guessed it, might easily have interpreted what the silence and expectancy meant.

A minute later he was walking in to dinner with Felicity Brooke's hand on his arm. When they were seated, he found that on the girl's other side was Lord Gresham, nearly opposite Jack Curzon's fresh, boyish face.

In his present mood he was glad of the arrangement, which brought so much within his scope of vision; in two hours he would surely find out if there were any foundation for the rumor that had reached him.

She was very quiet, quieter than he had ever known her, but now and again she asked him those point-blank questions for which she was famous.

"Don't you ever go to balls, Sir Aymer?" she suddenly turned her head to say; "I thought, of course, you would have been at the Vavasour's last night."

"No, I am afraid I am too old."

"How old are you?"

"Thirty-five."

"Oh, I wish I was!"

Such a troubled sigh followed the words that it checked the laugh that rose to his lips. He could not ask what her words meant—he knew.

Lord Gresham was in the midst of an animated discussion with his hostess. He leant a little nearer, and "Now it is my turn to ask questions," he said. "You have never told me what happened when you reached England. Was *she*," lowering his voice, "very angry?"

"Very, — I suppose."

"You suppose?"

"I did not see her for two years. I was left at school."

"No holidays?"

"No; you foretold, you remember, that the consequences were always unpleasant of making fools of ourselves! Well, *they were*," she added emphatically.

"I might have saved you the pain of prophecy at least; it is as well to leave people to find out such truths for themselves."

She made no reply.

And somehow her silence served to prevent any further reference to the subject, and afterwards there was little opportunity. Lord Gresham joined in the talk, and she made no effort to prevent him.

But when she was leaving he followed her to the door, and asked her if she would be at Lady Rashleigh's ball the following night. "But of course you will, so perhaps we shall meet. I have almost made up my mind to go."

"I hope you will," she replied, and though she added nothing else, he felt that she wished it really, — that she was glad to hope that he would be there.

And yet when eleven o'clock found him the following evening entering the room, there was a distinct pang at the memory of the cool comfort and peace of the club.

Nevertheless he made his way into the hot ball-room, and standing in the doorway, glanced slowly round. She was not there, of that he was certain. Well, he would wait until he saw her.

It was cool standing here ; behind the curtain by which he found himself there was evidently an open window, — it was very refreshing.

Some one else was waiting too, that he perceived. Just opposite him stood grey-headed Lord Gresham, not taking part in the revelry any more than he himself was doing, and it was with suddenly accented curiosity he took note of him.

A remarkable figure and face, — certainly a man that a girl might respect, and marry with dignity, and yet how much she must inevitably lose, even with all that thrown into the balance.

Here his thoughts were interrupted by voices, low voices, behind him, — the curtain apparently concealed a balcony, — the voices, he recognized them both. He was scarcely conscious he was listening, before he had heard the short, quick words.

"Throw it up," in the man's young voice, how easily he recognized it. "What is the use of being unhappy ? and you are unhappy ! Throw prudence to the winds, — you did so once before, you know, — and I will go to Bob, and see him, and explain."

"No, no — it is very good of you, but I would rather it went on as it is. I don't wish Bob to know anything. Come, we had better return, or I shall be missed."

The man made no answering comment, — he lifted the curtains, Aymer Digby had only time to turn and saunter away before he was in the room, Felicity by his side. A little distance off he turned his head and looked at her. It was difficult to associate her with trouble, or anything indeed but careless, triumphant girlhood, but she *was* troubled, he knew it, — or were the overheard words the key to the expression he noted in her eyes ?

At the sight of that expression something was born in him, some swift longing to save her, to prevent her from hurrying farther on that path on which she had already entered, — to warn her back, if possible, into youth and happiness, — before the final steps were taken. Of what he should say

there was no definite consciousness, — the words would be found in which to warn and counsel. It was as if Hilda, in her gracious, serious womanhood, were standing by his side, urging him to do what he could.

At the same moment Lord Gresham, seeing her, had also made a step forward, but when Aymer Digby was roused and determined, he was not easily outdone ; he was standing beside her, her hand was on his arm, his decided voice in her ears. "This is our dance, I think," and then he and she were walking away from the ball-room together.

"It was not your dance," she said decidedly, a minute later, "it was Jack's."

"Who is Jack ?"

"He is Bob's dearest friend," she answered calmly. He looked quickly down at her, but her ingenuous eyes were frankly raised. It was hard to accuse her of want of frankness, but of course on such a subject — "You told me you did not dance," she added, a second later.

"Neither do I. I wish to speak to you, that is the reason of my pretence."

She looked up quickly, but said nothing, and they walked on till the fernery, a small glass building that led into the conservatory, was reached. It was quite deserted ; a valse was sounding in the distance, and, except for the splash of falling water into a little marble basin, there was no sound.

After all, he recognized, it was not quite as easy to say anything, at any rate to begin, as he had expected.

There were two chairs in the shade of a palm-tree away from the door — he walked over there and bid her seat herself ; it was after a moment's hesitation he sat down beside her. "What do you want to say to me ?"

Her voice, quiet and grave, was the first to break silence ; it gave him the impetus he needed.

"It is always difficult," he said, "almost impossible, for a man to speak to a woman ; but you are a child — compared with me — a child," he re-

peated, "and if one sees a child about to do anything very foolish, one is bound to speak —"

"Yes."

There was not much encouragement in the monosyllable.

"I wish," he exclaimed impetuously, "that you had gone to Charleston with Mrs. Davis."

She laughed, but rather unsteadily.

"Why, I wonder?"

"It would have saved you two years at school without a holiday, would it not?"

"Yes," she sighed, ever so airily. "Well now, it is my turn; let me tell you what *I* wish. I wish that you had praised me when I told you that I had decided to go to England. When I told you, evidently yearning for praise, I think you might have given it, and it would have made it much easier."

"Why? I question back. Though I know, of course, you expected a great deal of praise in those days," — he paused and looked inquiringly at her. "But that is not what I wish to say."

"What do you wish to say?"

Her chin was on her hands, her elbows rested on her knees, she did not look up as she spoke. "I want to warn you, and I don't know how to do it — a man is so clumsy."

He did not glance towards her, and yet he was well aware of the scarlet flame mounting in her cheeks, and it was with a swift determination to spare her pain that his next words came.

"You are on the brink of folly — madness; at least so it seems to the outsider. What tempts you, of course, I don't know; but whatever the temptation may be, the result will be unhappiness. You" — he averted his eyes — "would never be happy in a loveless marriage, — you do not know, that is all. You were brave and fearless enough once; all that is necessary is to call back your courage now."

She did not move, she made no faintest comment on his words — her elbows rested on her knee, she did not look up as he spoke.

"Let me tell you a story," he went

on directly. "Once I was young — I loved" — his voice sank lower still — "a woman, young, beautiful, as you. She — well, I think she loved me; but love, so she decided, was not enough. There were other, greater things in life, for which she might sell herself. So she left me, and gave her beauty to a man, old and worn, in exchange for a title and a coronet, and everything else that she fancied would make her happy."

He had not once looked up — he would not see her face whilst he told the story that might save her from a like fate; but he knew she had risen, that she was standing a little behind his chair, where, even had he lifted his eyes, he could not have seen her face.

"And you?" He heard the low, hurried question.

"I have told you one side of the story," he went on slowly. "She — well, if she did not attain happiness, gained what she had desired, — but for the man, it was otherwise. She left him in despair, that ended in contempt and hatred for all women; despair which first broke his heart, then destroyed his faith, and finally —"

He half paused.

"And finally?" The low voice was quite steady, there was a half-question in the words.

"And finally," he went on slowly, "has ended — Heaven be praised! — in the knowledge that the cruel work of one woman is at length only a memory, though at the same time, the freshness, and joy, and happiness that life once offered, are also at an end forever."

Just a second's silence, whilst the valse in the distance sounded, and the fountain trickled on into the basin, before the girl spoke, and as she did so she bent her head so near to his that every word, low as it was, reached his ears.

"Is the faith quite dead? If —" and as she spoke she rested her hand on the back of his chair, as if to steady herself, — "if you met a woman who loved you —" she paused again, —

"and was true and faithful, would not that help to undo the past?"

A silence. Then, "It is too late," the man said slowly. "That, you see, is what a woman's cowardice and treachery can accomplish."

The music was silent, the valse over, people were crowding into the conservatory, eager voices breaking the stillness.

Aymer Digby rose from his seat.

"I had better take you back to the ball-room," he said. "They will be looking for you." He refrained from glancing in her direction, he did not add another word, but as they were leaving the long passage, young Curzon appeared in sight.

"There is Jack," she spoke, rather unsteadily he fancied. "I want to speak to him. Wait, please. It is his dance," in disconnected sentences. She was white, curiously white, he thought, as he took her hand and said good-night. "Good-bye," he added; "I am leaving town to-morrow—I may not see you for some time."

He turned away; for half a second her eyes followed his tall figure, and fair, smooth head. And then, "I am so tired, Jack," she said. "I do wish you could persuade Aunt Barbara to go home."

"You look tired, but it is not really tiredness, it is bother. Did my eyes deceive me," in lighter tones, "or did I see you and the 'Preserver' come out of the conservatory together? What goes on! I shall have to look on him as a rival next, I suppose? His dislike going off, eh?"

"He never disliked me," she said, but she did not smile; "he is only indifferent."

"Only indifferent." The words echoed in her ears during the drive home; sometimes they changed to other words which kept time to the horses' feet, "Refused!" "Very kindly and courteously, he would always try to be courteous—for he does not dislike me, he is only indifferent."

"Write to Lord Gresham to-morrow, Felicity," her aunt said as they walked

up-stairs, "and ask him to dine with us on Sunday. I told him to expect a letter."

"I would rather you wrote."

"Why, I wonder? You write the other invitations, why should you make a difficulty about this one? I suppose merely out of love of contradiction."

There was no reply. After all, it was not worth arguing over. She said good-night, and turned away.

She did not sleep much; the summer dawn was stealing into the room before she fell into a short, troubled slumber; but to her perfect health and strength, it needed more than a sleepless night to take the lustre from her dark eyes and the rich bloom from her cheeks. The schoolroom was her own sitting-room; she went there while it was yet early to eat her breakfast in solitude, and thought a great deal,—and the result of all the thinking was, that by eleven o'clock, with paper and ink before her, she was fulfilling her aunt's bidding, and writing to Lord Gresham. It meant a good deal, she felt—much more was involved than that Sunday dinner, at which no other guest would be present, and after which Lady Brooke would vanish to the inner drawing-room on some pretence, and she and he would be left virtually alone.

"What does it matter?" she thought wearily as she wrote his name. "He is good and kind, and I—I like him better than any one else,—and this life, I cannot bear it any longer!"

And at that moment the door was suddenly opened, and without any warning, Aymer Digby entered the room.

The first thought he had was, that somehow once again she was the child of the City of Prague, with whom of late he had ceased to associate her. She was dressed in dark-blue linen, made with a sailor-like shirt—it may have been in part that fact—and her hair also was twisted loosely up with a comb, from which it escaped in careless loops and curls. That was his first thought. The second, even as he approached the table at which she wrote,

was, that never before during all their acquaintance had he ever seen her look frightened, and now into her eyes there certainly passed an expression which banished their fearlessness; then the lashes had fallen, and he was standing by her side.

"Of course I am a fool" — his voice was rough and moved — "but tell me, what did you mean by those words you said to me last night?"

There was a hurried glance round, as if she were calculating the chances of escape; then he heard a sharp, painful sob, and she had covered her face with her hands, and between the slender fingers two tears fell.

"Felicity," — he knelt beside her, taking her hands in his, — "do not cry. Is it my roughness that has hurt you? Answer me, did they mean nothing? Tell me — you may trust me."

Still no answer. He lifted his hands, and, clasping hers gently, drew them down into her lap. The lashes were wet, the tears rose and fell slowly one by one.

"Perhaps the folly was in coming back," he said, and his voice was still strange and hurried; "but you are courageous — speak to me. Shall I go or stay?"

The dark eyes were raised for a moment. Perhaps their expression was enough, perhaps words were unnecessary, for "Say it once," he said, very low; "tell me that you love me."

"Oh, you know it," she cried; "you must know it! I am only afraid."

But with his arm round her and his kisses on her tear-wet cheeks, it seemed easy to believe the voice that told her there was nothing more for her to fear.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
THE POSITION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.
BY LORD HOBHOUSE.

THE number of voices now speaking on this subject is so great, and some of them are so weighty, that in all probability mild utterances by inconspicuous persons will pass unheeded, even though they come from the vantage-

point of the *Contemporary Review*, and by the request of its editor. When asked to speak on this subject, my first thought was to refuse. I have no special qualification for the task. I have never been in the House of Commons. I am only a recent addition to the Peers; and while there have done little work on other than legal matters. I have not studied constitutional questions more than other lawyers, or other men of general education. I hold no office, except as a member of the Judicial Committee. And, though still an earnest well-wisher and member of the Liberal party, age and infirmities prevent my joining in those active operations which are necessary to keep a man sensitive to the currents of living thought under ever-changing circumstances. But after all, that mysterious, impalpable, but most real thing called public opinion is but a blend of innumerable private opinions brought together by reflection and discussion. All sorts and conditions of men contribute to it: old and young; students and men of action; the cautious and the sanguine; the learned, the sciolist, and the ignorant; workers in various departments of human affairs, even armchair politicians; each brings his own fragment of experience, which if useless is rejected, and if useful strengthens the compound. These various materials go into the seething pot, from whence the statesman has to produce political projects; and those again are laid before the vast number of minds who now take interest in public affairs — a tribunal by no means perfectly informed or free from error, but capable of judging on the broad lines of national welfare, and probably furnishing as good a criterion as we can get of arrangements designed to stand wear and tear in this rough and imperfect world. Therefore, if those whose business it is to cater for public discussion consider that the little trickle of thought which may proceed from an average man, who has done average work in the world for half a century and more, may swell or qualify the great stream, I will, however diffi-

dently, state the lines on which my thoughts have been running for some years.

The reasons why the position of the House of Lords in our Constitution presents difficulties of growing acuteness and urgency have long been obvious to every one who has taken part in public affairs, or has observed them from without. With the vastly increased mental activity of the poorer and more numerous classes, with the spread of education, the ever-widening habits of reading, discussion, locomotion, and combination among them, the centre of political gravity has shifted, and public controversies have tended more and more to turn upon social matters.

Upon every question, and especially upon social ones, the opinions of the average man are moulded by his environment; and the probable action of a class must be estimated, not by the man of exceptional force of sympathy or imagination, who can disengage himself from his daily surroundings, but by the average man, whose interests, or apparent interests, will frame his principles. At least they will do so in doubtful questions; and all large political or social questions are doubtful, some very doubtful. The House of Lords breathes the atmosphere and imbibes the ideas of the comparatively few who possess rank and wealth, and who may be called by the common though vague name of the upper classes. The middle classes have different interests and different views; and the lower different ones again. I am of course speaking of average men—i.e., the generality in every class. Now many changes have been expressly made in our Constitution for the purpose of giving to the views of the middle and lower classes a regular and orderly expression through the House of Commons. But for the expression of the will of the nation through the House of Lords no such change has been made. There has been an unexpressed change, but according to constitutional forms, the Lords occupy the same position as they

did before the changes in the Commons. If the Lords had accepted a new position, so far as to help in the objects which the nation through its elected assembly requires, there would probably be little desire now for a change of law. Sometimes the advocates of the House of Lords aver that it has so accepted its new position; but no one desirous of seeing the free play of legislative reforms will admit that. Whatever phrases may be used about yielding to the will of the nation, the widest possible difference exists, as each occasion arises, on the question what that will is. And under one plea or another the House of Lords is constantly thwarting reforms for which the House of Commons, supported by the majority of the nation, declares the time to be ripe and over-ripe. It is thereby causing an amount of friction and strain which no constitution can stand for long.

This process of divergence has been going on for more than sixty years. Prior to the great constitutional change of 1832, which has been the mother of all after reforms, and which we still emphasize under the name of "Reform," the two Houses had for some generations represented nearly the same classes and interests. They quarrelled sometimes over the amount of power due to each respectively; but very rarely over any question of national policy. In each the strength of the landowning nobility was paramount, and their dissensions bore a family character. By the Reform movement the paramount power of the landed classes was shaken, and the commercial and professional classes came in for a large share of it. Immediately there commenced the opening of a gulf between the House that represented those classes and the House that did not. Questions arose in relation to the Church Establishment, religious tests, education, local government, the government of Ireland, and other minor matters, in which the views of the old governing class were opposed to those of the new. This led to two great results. One was

that numbers of the old governing class who had been led to support "Reform" were disgusted with its effects, and slid off by batches or singly into the opposing ranks. To so great an extent was this change effected, that the Conservative party, which seemed annihilated in 1832, was found in 1834 to return a very effective minority to the House of Commons, and in 1837 almost to balance the Liberal forces. The other result was that the House of Lords found itself in frequent antagonism to the Commons on the principles of public policy; and that it operated at all times as a delaying force, and when vigorously backed by the Conservative minority, as a blocking force. Both these processes have, with the ebbs and flows incident to all human affairs, been going on ever since. After each great reform large numbers of those who were on the side of progress and who advocated the change in question, have gone over to the other side. After each, the rift between the two Houses and their respective views of public policy, has become deeper and wider. And after each, the confidence of the House of Commons that it represents the mind of the nation has become stronger and more pronounced.

The first Duke of Wellington was a man whose military reputation stood so high as to overshadow his political character, and whose political capacity, though on the administrative side it was of the first order, suffered a slur by reason of his convictions being with the governing classes at the time of great Reform struggle. Nevertheless, it has always seemed to me, in reading the history of these years, that the Duke of Wellington deserves to be credited, not only with the unselfish and simple public spirit which is one of his chief titles to greatness, but with statesmanship of a very high order. He was statesman enough to know when his order was beaten, and to take up a new and defensible line. He saw that the power of the House of Lords, and of the views represented in it, was broken. He did not sulk, nor

despair, nor kick against the pricks. He set himself to persuade his brother peers to pass measures strongly supported in the country, while defeating others which, though sent up by the House of Commons, had not met strong support. His course of action, and the great difficulties attending it, were clearly stated in a letter written by him to Lord Derby in the year 1846, when the repeal of the Corn Laws was under discussion.¹

In admiring the duke's statesmanship I am not saying that he took the right view of the various measures on their merits. Some severe wounds were inflicted on our legislation during his supremacy. And the policy had this lamentable result: that nothing could be done for Ireland, because Englishmen were ignorant and apathetic about the concerns of their fellow-countrymen there. But I am afraid that the maltreatment of Ireland must (until within the last few years) be charged equally to both Houses of Parliament, and to both great parties in the State.

The great results of the duke's policy were, first, that it tidied over a time of startling transition and great strain, not without friction, but without intolerable friction; and secondly, that he showed how the House of Lords might retain a very large share of its legal power by surrendering some of it. The former of these results was a great boon to the whole nation; the latter a great boon to the duke's own party, which some will identify more, and some less, with the welfare of the whole nation. Under his guidance the House of Lords retreated from the position of being an absolutely co-ordinate branch of the legislature for the purposes of general legislation, and took up that of a delaying, suspending, and revising body. It had great influence on legislation; but it no longer endeavored to resist a matured popular demand voiced by the House of Commons. That is the unexpressed change to which I before referred.

¹ See Bagehot's "English Constitution," 2nd edition, p. 100.

Under such circumstances the House of Lords, in which the Conservative element was continually increasing, found itself a severe critic and opponent of Liberal ministries, and very acquiescent with Conservative ones. Setting aside the one abnormal case of the Corn Laws, it may be said that, from Peel's accession to office in 1841 to Palmerston's death in 1866, there was no great conflict between the two Houses. In fact, the Whig ministries of that period contained in them such strong Conservative elements that hardly any distasteful reforms were propounded. Lord Palmerston was at least as Conservative as Sir Robert Peel. During his long ascendancy he probably represented one of the many quiescent phases of the nation; and I believe that if the Conservative party had not quarrelled with their ablest men over the Corn Laws, they might during that time have been in office as well as in power. But when Mr. Gladstone became the leading mind in the Liberal party, things were changed indeed. The reforming spirit woke up again. Instead of contenting themselves with talking about reforms, Liberal ministers actually proposed, and worked for, and carried them; and sent up to the House of Lords measures very distasteful to it.

It is not my purpose to follow in detail the legislative contests between the two Houses or the two parties during the period for which the Liberal party was in power, whether in office or not, down to 1874, nor for the subsequent periods. It will hardly be disputed, whether by those who agree or by those who disagree with the House of Lords, that the number of Liberals within it has diminished to near the vanishing-point, that it represents only one political party in the nation, that it has, as a rule, thwarted the measures of Liberal ministries, and has offered no opposition to those of Conservative ministries, even when they closely resembled the rejected measures of Liberal ministries. Those who doubt these conclusions I must refer to more detailed works, such as that of Mr.

Stead, or the more elaborate work of Mr. Spalding. All that I wish to point out now is that the large franchise reform of 1867, and the much larger reform, both of franchise and distribution, of 1884, brought forward with much greater urgency than before, questions of a local social and class character. Such are, questions concerning Church rates, religious tests, purchase of commands in the army, national education, endowments of various kinds, trade combinations, relations of landlord with tenant, of employer with employee; local government and rating, including the most important of local governments—that of Ireland. Many of these questions touch on the use of property, whether from the public side, as in the case of endowments, rates, or taxes, or from the private side, as in the case of landlord and tenant, or employers and employed. Every year the issues of public affairs are becoming more pronounced, as between those who have large possessions and those who have not. The new voters grow more intent on pressing their views; the propertied classes band together in greater numbers to resist, and the House of Lords is their champion. The effect produced in the country at large is that a largely preponderating number of the richer classes have joined the Conservative ranks. The effect in the House of Lords is that the Liberal party is nearly annihilated. The increasing division of political parties according to wealth is a grave outlook, which however cannot be effected by any adjustment of mechanism. But that one of the political parties should be powerless in one House of the Legislature, formally of co-ordinate power, and actually of very great power, is an evil of a different kind which can be cured by proper methods.

Some of the incidents of the present Parliament will sufficiently illustrate our position. With regard to the Home Rule Bill, I do not see how a legislative assembly, with convictions strongly adverse to the measure, could be expected to accept it under the cir-

cumstances of the case. The justification for passing into law a measure of which individual judgments disapprove, is that there exists such a preponderating decision of the people to have the law, that to refuse it is worse for the nation at large than to pass it, bad though it be. Could then the majority be expected to take that view? I think it undeniable indeed that the election of 1892 had given a majority for Home Rule. The previous election of 1886 was decided on that issue. For six years the country had rung with the controversy. There was not a platform on which it had not occupied the prominent place. To say that the details of the bill had not been laid before the electors is, in my judgment, a cavil, the allowance of which would strike at the root of all authority given by constituents to representatives; and, moreover, the House rejected the bill on second reading — *i.e.*, on principle. But the case stood thus. In 1886 a very large majority was returned against Home Rule. In 1892 a majority, not large, was returned in its favor. May not those to whom the thing seems very pernicious think that, after all, the second election was brought about by transitory causes; mainly by the personal weight and energy of the greatest man in England? and that a third election would revert to the first? I do not think so myself. I think that Home Rule for Ireland is a just and politic measure, which failed of acceptance in England because it was too novel, which grows in favor by consideration, which is certain to be granted some day, and granted in some foolish panic if not previously done with calm deliberation. But if I had thought just the reverse about Home Rule, I should probably have treated the verdict of the election as the majority treated it. I have never found fault with what they did, though taking a different view of the merits of the measure. But the moral I draw is this: that legislators ought not to be exposed to such a trial. They ought to be left to vote according to their judgment on the merits of each

measure. To call upon them to pass a measure, not because they think it good, but because the nation has an overwhelming wish that way, is to invite them to the question whether the nation has really such a wish — a controversy perhaps more difficult than the merits of the measure itself. And to coerce them by terror of public disturbance is a humiliation to them if it succeeds; and whether it succeeds or not is an incentive to passionate methods which every statesman would wish to avoid. Surely we ought to seek out some orderly mode of making the will of the majority prevail, instead of relying on assertions (always disputable) that its will is too strong to resist.

In the session of 1893-94 there were two other bills of general public interest passed in the Commons after great debate and sent up to the Lords: the Local Government (more commonly called the Parish Councils) Bill, and the Employers' Liability Bill. A great many alterations were made in both these bills by the Peers. I do not think that anybody will accuse me of partisanship, or indeed of inaccuracy, in saying that the great bulk of alterations which had any political significance at all were, so to speak, "anti-popular," tending to cripple the authority of the Parish Councils, or to restrict their popular basis; or running counter to the views generally taken by employees of their own welfare, and expressed by their own organizations and in the House of Commons. It is not desirable here to reproduce the points of difference in detail. The larger ones have been echoed and re-echoed till every one likely to read these remarks knows them by heart. And every one knows the result: how the Parish Councils Bill was at length accepted, though shorn of some important features; and how the Liability Bill was abandoned because the House of Lords would not allow a provision which forbade contracts to relieve employers of their statutory liability. Nor am I discussing whether the Lords' alterations were in themselves wise or un-

wise. Indeed, so far as regards the important one which wrecked the Liability Bill, I should by the light of nature have voted for it. If I had voted the other way—in point of fact, I did not vote at all, being confined to my bed by sickness—it would have been on the ground that the English artisans have shown great capacity for understanding their own affairs; and that when there comes a question of expediency relating to the affairs of a large class, and it is possible to get at the opinion of organized bodies of that class, that opinion should carry great weight.

Perhaps this difficulty of mine may be thought to illustrate how hard it is for members of one class to judge of the proposals of another in the affairs of that other; how certain they are to be biassed by their own ideas; and how likely it is that when many of them get together they will refuse even to listen to any other ideas. Place an assembly in that position, provide that it shall not be dissolved or changed by any action of those who want it to pass laws for them, and how can you prevent antagonism, even to the extent of a deadlock?

It is sometimes alleged that it is necessary to have a revising legislative body, and that, after all, is the main business of the House of Lords. I admit the expediency of a revising body, but affirm that proposals are best revised by those who are in sympathy with their main object, and that hostile revision is often worse than none. But this allegation as to the main business of the Peers is not consistent with the fact that all their alterations tend one way; or with the fact that when Conservatives are in office the vigilance and activity of the Peers become torpid; witness such occasions as Mr. Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1868 and the Irish Coercion Bill of 1887; nor with the fact that such a measure as that for validating marriages with a deceased wife's sister is repeatedly rejected; nor with the language held by Lord Salisbury at the beginning of the present Parliament before any measures

were framed, to the effect that if certain apprehended things were done by the House of Commons, they would be thwarted by other parts of the constitution. Whenever a debate involves issues between the two main lines of political thought, whenever it presents chances of supporting a Conservative ministry or shaking a Liberal one, I may almost say whenever it raises questions between the many and the few, poor and rich, Dissent and Church, public interests and private, the House of Lords has an overwhelming majority on one side. The party of movement may spend years in overcoming the inertia of the nation, may struggle successfully against the enormous advantages which belong, and always must belong, to possession and to full purses, may push a measure with vast labor through the House of Commons which they have moulded, and then they find themselves brought up short by the House of Lords which they cannot mould. Is it not certain that much of the arrested motion will turn to heat? Who shall, on any given occasion, say how much? Who shall feel confident that the heat will not burst out into flame even on an apparently small occasion? And who will deny that such a possibility constitutes an ever present, though often latent, political danger?

I do not wish to exaggerate the awkwardness of the position, as I think is sometimes done in argument. Just now we want a great deal of legislation, and we find a great deal of stoppage. But we must remember that the House of Commons is paramount over a large part of the political domain. Administration is at least as important as legislation—more so, I think. The main direction of administration rests with the Commons. For one example, Ireland may not have her own domestic government, nor be able to repeal the statute which removes offences from the cognizance of juries; but she can escape from the active application of that statute, and she can feel satisfied that in many an executive operation her most trusted sons are duly con-

sulted. Nor even in legislation does the House of Lords play an equal part. In one very important department of legislation the House of Commons is supreme. The supply of money will not often bear the delays attending an agreement between two independent powers; and the representative body has accorded to it the right of originating money-measures so completely that the Peers cannot even amend one. This position has been established by a practice old enough to give it the rank of a constitutional principle. By a little ingenuity a constitutional inability to amend may be converted into a practical inability to reject. That was actually done in the case of the paper duties. And within the last few weeks we have seen a striking instance of the inferior position of the Peers. No one can doubt that they would gladly have refused the new death duties, but they could only do so by rejecting other provisions for the revenue of the year; and though their power to reject a money bill was asserted in terms, no attempt was made to put it in force, and the obnoxious measure was allowed to pass into law.

On the other hand, too little attention is given to the influence of the House of Lords on a great number of arrangements of limited extent, where they have a very free hand. When the whole country takes interest in a measure, the Peers are apt to be cautious in rejecting it, and if they do, there is a good chance of such strong feeling being shown as to prevent a second rejection. It is, as before intimated, a barbarous and dangerous plan to get up a kind of miniature rebellion in order to make one branch of the legislature act in accordance with the national desire expressed through constitutional channels. But it is done, and I often read and hear that because it is done the House of Lords is powerless for evil, and we may well go on as we do. But apart from the danger of the thing, that opinion leaves out of sight the class of cases I am now speaking of—a class which is rapidly increasing with the extension of the

method of making new arrangements by scheme or provisional order which may be defeated by a hostile resolution passed by either House of Parliament. How persistently the House of Lords may go on denying relief for years, generations after the House of Commons has affirmed the right to it, is shown by the question, before referred to, of the deceased wife's sister. The stability of some thousands of households depends on the validity of such marriages. The representative assembly would affirm them at once. But the Peers will not do it, and because the matter only affects some thousands of households there is no national feeling strong enough to compel it. The necessary little rebellion cannot be got up. I proceed to some further illustrations.

In the session of 1893 there arose in the House of Lords what is known as the betterment question. The London County Council had for some years been endeavoring to levy a special impost on properties enhanced by the expenditure of London public funds. After some objectionable plans, they produced one, on which in the Council itself there was no dissent, and which was approved by large majorities in the House of Commons. Now for some reason or other the London Council has from the moment of its birth been the object of extreme animosity among the Conservative party and in the House of Lords. When this measure came before the Lords, it was practically (the exact form may be passed over) thrown out without examination. Their former plea was that such proposals ought not to be made in a private bill. The arguments presented were denunciations partly of something which, in the absence of examination, was supposed to be the measure, and partly of the London Council itself. Before the question came on again I took pains to make a detailed statement of facts, from which I showed—first, that the House, refusing a proper examination by committee, rejected the proposal under glaring misconceptions of its nature; and, secondly, that

its action was unusual, harsh, and productive of great public inconvenience. I further showed that in the same session the London Council had come to ask for just five things beyond their ordinary requirements — viz., the opening of Lincoln's Inn Fields; permission to spend some money on important inquiries; a voice in the conservancy of the Thames; a more adequate voice in the conservancy of the Lea; and betterment. All five were granted by the House of Commons, and all five refused by the Lords.

I am not recalling these incidents for the purpose of strengthening — though they do strengthen — my former remarks with respect to the claims of the Peers to be a "revising" body, and to the prejudices and antipathies which prevail among them; but to show what complete power they have in thwarting attempts at small local reforms, and how their action, and that of the House of Commons, tend to diverge more widely. London, indeed, is so large a community that offence given to Londoners may produce some political effect. And though the controversy is not yet settled, the House of Lords has receded from its refusal to consider a plan of local taxation in a local private bill; and on some of the other points the House of Commons supported and procured the partial accomplishment of the wishes of the London Council. The case is different when much smaller interests are concerned.

In this regard the action of the Peers on schemes framed for regulating endowments deserves close examination, because they raise class questions between Churchmen and Nonconformists which should be settled by a competent and impartial tribunal. The legal nature of these questions may be briefly stated. By the Endowed Schools Act of 1869, every scheme is to contain certain clauses concerning religious teaching (popularly called Conscience Clauses), unless the endowment falls under certain conditions expressed in Section 19. The conditions arise when the scholars are required by the express

terms of the instrument of foundation, or by regulations made by the founder in his lifetime or by his authority within fifty years after his death and ever since observed, to be instructed according to the formularies of any particular church, sect, or denomination. These provisions were discussed with the utmost care when the act was passed. They were devised to remove two disadvantages under which Nonconformists labored in the administration of educational endowments. One was the absorption of funds into Church channels, owing to the long predominance of the Church; and to the circumstance that the rector and churchwardens, being permanent village officers, had been very generally chosen as village trustees. The other was that by certain decisions of the Court of Chancery it was laid down that in undenominational schools, even distinctive Church education must be those just established out of dole-funds, given; and further, that none but Churchmen were proper trustees of endowments charged, though only partially, with Church education. They restrict the privileges which, however unfairly, the Church then possessed, and they were and are very distasteful to strong Church partisans.

It will be easily understood that there is plenty of room for dispute whether the conditions of Section 19 apply, or do not apply, to a particular endowment. That question may, and often does, involve inquiries into matters of fact, weighing of evidence, antiquarian and ecclesiastical researches, and the construction of legal documents, public and private, old and new. It is, in fact, a strictly judicial inquiry. The act recognizes this, and it makes the Charity Commission, a very competent body for the purpose, judges in the first instance, allowing an appeal to the Judicial Committee by persons interested to dispute the first decision. It cannot possibly have been intended that a decision so arrived at should afterwards be made ground of objection, by any official or legislative body, to the scheme founded on it.

In the township of Barkisland, near Halifax, there is a small endowment, given in the year 1657, for teaching poor children to read. In 1861 the Charity Commissioners made a scheme which, as required by the Chancery decisions, then unqualified by the Endowed Schools Act, ordered the teaching of the Church Catechism, though subject to a conscience clause. A year or two ago the Charity Commissioners had occasion to make a new scheme, which was done under the Endowed Schools Act. They decided that the school did not fall under the conditions of Section 19, and treated it as undenominational. The Churchmen of the locality had, naturally enough, contended that it was a Church school, on the ground of long usage and of the scheme of 1861. They did not appeal however from the judgment of the Charity Commissioners, which therefore became conclusive by force of the act, but they got a friend in the House of Lords to move a hostile resolution, which was carried on June 23, 1893.

Now it is impossible to imagine a case in which there may not be some objection, however flimsy, taken to a scheme which embodies a vast quantity of detail: to the numbers, ages, or qualifications of the pupils, to the fees, the scholarships, the free places, the powers of the master and other things. But it will hardly be contended that either House of Parliament is justified in rejecting a scheme on the ground that it dislikes the decision of the tribunals appointed by the Endowed Schools Act on a legal question. And it will hardly be denied that the reasons actually assigned must be taken as disclosing the true reasons for the vote. I will now refer the reader to "Hansard," vol. xiii., p. 1756.

It is true that Lord Halifax, who led the debate, stated some objections to the arrangements respecting scholarships, and to the injury which the poor would suffer thereby. But nearly the whole of his speech was a complaint that the Church character of the schools was displaced; and he denounced the

scheme as one framed at the instance of persons outside the township acting for political and sectarian motives with the result of injuring the school, sacrificing the rights of the poor, and generally of injuring the cause of definite religious education. Lord Cranbrook dwelt strongly on the fact that the scheme of 1861 affixed a Church character to the school; but he did not say, doubtless had not observed, that it was made in obedience to the then ruling of the Court of Chancery, to which an appeal then lay in the case. The Charity Commissioners could not help themselves. But the rule they followed is that which has been considered by Dissenters as an unjust usurpation, and which was directly struck at by the Endowed Schools Act. Lord Sandford took another objection to the scheme, of which I will only say that it was on a strictly legal point reserved by the act for the decision of the Judicial Committee, and therefore improper for the House of Lords to act upon.

It will be understood that I am not expressing, nor have I, any opinion as to the wisdom or expediency of making a scheme, or as to the conduct of the combatants. I am confining myself to the one question of the jurisdiction of the House of Lords, and trying not to confuse it by irrelevant matter. Now, I think that anybody who reads the Barkisland debate will be of opinion that the main reason, if not the only one, for rejecting the scheme was that the distinctive Church teaching would be displaced by other religious teaching of a more general kind. That is as much as to say that the House will review the decisions of the appointed tribunals on the question whether an endowment is denominational or not, or that it will prevent any scheme being made if it considers that Church privileges are encroached on by the obligatory provisions of the Endowed Schools Act.

How far are those principles to be carried? In the last case which I will mention, they have been carried very far; perhaps as far as they can be.

The Welsh Intermediate Education Act of 1889 has been a prolific source of the class of controversy now in question. By that act Education Committees were appointed for every county, and it is their duty to submit to the Charity Commissioners schemes for intermediate education, and to specify the endowments to be included in each scheme. The machinery is that of the Endowed Schools Act, only that when an endowment does not fall within the conditions of Section 19, the conscience clauses of the Welsh act are more restrictive of denominational teaching.

The committee for Denbighshire submitted a scheme for a group of endowments among which was a grammar school at Ruthin. The governing body contended that it was a Church school. The Charity Commissioners decided otherwise, and assigned their reasons. There was no appeal from their judgment, which therefore became final for the occasion.

Two hostile motions were made in the House of Lords. One was by the Bishop of St. Asaph and was aimed against certain provisions concerning religious worship and teaching in hostels. These provisions were, I think, matters of discretion, quite free from any obligatory provisions of the Endowed Schools Act; and therefore not within the scope of my observations. The motion was allowed without debate, because of the fate which attended the other and much more important motion.

Lord Cross moved to exclude Ruthin School altogether from the scheme, and his motion was carried by a majority of 77 to 19. For the reasons I again look to "*Hansard*," vol. xxv., p. 1438. This case is simpler than that of *Barkisland*, for not even a suggestion was made that any objection to the scheme existed except that the Charity Commissioners were wrong in deciding that the endowments did not fall under Section 19. Lord Salisbury ridiculed the notion that the parties must follow the statutory course — i.e., must either abide by the decision of the Charity Commissioners or take the case to the

Privy Council. That, he says, is too expensive. But he was equally prepared to overrule a decision of the Privy Council. Injustice, he said, might be done by a strict interpretation of the law. And he boldly claimed that because the power of the House to address the crown against the scheme is given in general terms, they are justified in rejecting schemes against which no offence is alleged except that they are formed in obedience to the Endowed Schools Act.

Of course it will happen, whenever the law makes a distinction between classes of cases, that there are cases which fall very close to the line, whether one side or the other, and Lord Salisbury has now declared it to be right that when in such cases the decision of the appointed tribunals is against the Church, relief shall be given by an assembly strongly biassed in its favor, and manned partly by high officers of the Church who carry deserved weight in its debates. It is all very well to talk of nice cases, and technical points, and of injustice produced by strict law. Those things can easily be found in any case by those who want to find them. To remove such questions from legal treatment and to place them in the midst of a political assembly is a dangerous thing at best, and when the political assembly is all on one side, is certain to work injustice, and before long to create great irritation. It seems to me, speaking with all due respect, to be an usurpation and an abuse of the power given to object to schemes. Schemes may be justly objected to on financial, educational, and other grounds; but to object to them on grounds expressly reserved to other judgments is a decided encroachment on the law.

Let us just see in what position this endowment is placed. The Charity Commissioners cannot make a scheme except in one of two ways: either they must apply the conscience clauses or not. If they apply them the House of Lords rejects the scheme. If they do not, and if the scheme does not fall within Section 19, it is illegal, and may

be the subject of appeal by some aggrieved party. Of course it is possible that the knot might be cut by the Judicial Committee taking a very different view of the law. But as the legal decision stands at present, the action of the House has produced a deadlock. No scheme can be made at all. That may suit the views of those who think that any alteration must be for the worse. But it is destructive of the intentions of the acts of Parliament which have been passed for Welsh education. It would seem as though some of the Peers were bent, as some of the School Boards are, on re-opening in detail the controversies that, as we had hoped, were closed in principle by the temperate and beneficent legislation of 1869 and 1870.

It cannot be said that upon these schemes there is a divergence between the two Houses, because the opinion of the House of Commons has not been pronounced. But nobody ventured to attack such schemes in the House of Commons. And the cases show how hazardous it is to set a non-reforming body to control the administration of an essentially reforming measure. It is the innumerable small reforms, constantly sought for as need arises, which keep the social organism sweet and healthy, and obviate the necessity for great radical changes all at one time. If they are dammed up by some antipathetic body which has the legal power of stoppage, discontent is sure to accumulate in a mass not easy to deal with. If the House of Lords interferes in matters never intended for a political assembly, if it refuses reasonable reforms without taking the trouble to learn what they are, if it uses its legal power to defeat or delay, plans which have won their way to the approval of the representative bodies concerned with them, then it is clear that the forms of the Constitution no longer answer to the forces working in it, and a wise statesman will seek to readjust them.

But how is the thing to be done ? That is a question to try any man's statesmanship ; and all the statesman-

ship in the world will not do it unless the bulk of the nation is first convinced that it ought to be done, and is ready to supply the requisite political force. Suppose the political force to be there, is the House of Lords to be abolished ? That is lightly talked of, and of course to many minds the most sweeping operation seems the easiest, and for the mere purpose of clearing the ground it probably is so. But we have to consider the alternative. We want a great amount of legislation, and we want our laws turned out in a workable state. Now the composition and procedure of the House of Commons is such that it does not infrequently turn out some very rough work, which even its well-wishers are glad to have an opportunity of reviewing. It is impossible to deny that through hurry, through inadvertence, through excess of work, through weariness of long combat, through casual combinations of different groups of men, bills may pass which it is very desirable to reconsider, and which any body of responsible men would think it right to modify or reject, and in so doing would meet with general support. I am not afraid that great alterations would be carried by a hasty rush through the House of Commons ; knowing well how many long years of hard labor must be given and how many minds must be convinced and set in motion before a reform of any magnitude can even get a hearing. The House of Commons does not act in most matters till the nation has been persuaded, and then it acts with a velocity which might without public detriment be greater. But I am afraid of a number of small mistakes ; and I have never heard any suggestion of a corrective machinery in the House of Commons itself, likely to be so efficacious as a Second Chamber.

Then how shall we prevent the Second Chamber from becoming obstructive ? In order to be efficient, a power to review must include a power to reject when necessary ; indeed " amendments " so-called, may, and frequently have been, so applied as to amount to destruction. It would probably be idle,

and certainly undesirable, to limit the area of review. But the power may be effectually controlled by providing that when it has been exercised to some prescribed extent it shall not prevent the passing of the measure reviewed. If it were provided that after (say) a second rejection by the Peers of a measure passed by the Commons, or a second alteration of it, the Commons should have power to resolve that the measure ought to become law notwithstanding the opposition of the Peers; and if it were provided that the Commons should be the sole judges whether the measure was substantially the same as had been rejected or altered before; and if it were provided that upon such a resolution of the Commons the royal assent might be given to the measure and so it should become law; and if similar arrangements were made with regard to schemes or other sub-legislative matters, we should see the will of the majority prevail, when it ought to prevail, without ruinous delay or stormy agitation.

Of course the exact amount of power given to the Commons, and the exact occasion for its exercise, will be the subject of very careful discussion when it is determined that a step in that direction shall be taken. I am only stating here hypothetically so much detail as is necessary to make my meaning clear. We have not yet reached the time for the discussion of details, nor can I personally expect even to take part in such a discussion, though my juniors will.

Of course we shall be told, we are already being told, of the great danger of an absolute and tyrannical House of Commons, of reducing the House of Lords to a nonentity, and all the other dangers, real or chimerical, which are always conjured up to frighten people away from any large reform. The notion of a tyrannical House of Commons seems to me purely chimerical. There is nothing which the country would be more quick to resent than high-handed and unjust proceedings there, and even if the members of the House were disposed so to act, they

would be checked by the knowledge that they must justify themselves to their constituents. It is not proposed that the House of Commons should be unalterable as the House of Lords now is. Of course the House of Commons, like any other assembly, may occasionally act in passion, or in ignorance. But their tyranny, to be injurious, must be deliberately continued over a long period. The action of the House of Lords, supposing that it does not aid and abet the tyranny, will give it pause. In the mean time the oppressed minority will be making their case known through the length and breadth of the land. Even in the House of Commons itself it is impossible to look forward to a time when either of the two great parties, the progressive and the stationary, will fail to have able champions, and at least a strong minority; or when there will not be men of independent thought and weighty character who will carry their aid to the oppressed.

We have plenty of experience to guide us on this point. The Commons are uncontrolled by the Peers in their votes which entail the dismissal of ministers, and in money bills. When has it ever been alleged that they have acted tyrannically in such matters? Possibly the Duke of Devonshire would tell us that they have acted tyrannically in enacting the Death Duties, but then his countrymen do not agree with him, and if this is the sort of tyranny that is contemplated, they will not be alarmed at the prospect of it. The Commons act under great responsibility in these matters. They may sometimes act in a sudden, unexpected way for a single vote. But they are liable to be dismissed, and if their mood should not be found to answer to the drift of thought in the nation, they may be disowned by their constituents, as actually happened in a striking way in 1857, when Lord Palmerston was censured in the matter of the war with China.

Neither would the House of Lords become a nonentity. It would, as I believe, retain great power in guiding

legislative action. Knowing that they could not ultimately defeat popular measures, the peers would have less temptation to look at them merely with regard to their effect on political parties. They would be relieved of the uncertain question whether they ought to vote according to their individual judgment on the merits, or according to the strength of the popular demand. A good deal of timidity which now springs from that uncertainty would disappear. They would be less prone to carry "amendments" calculated not to forward the objects of the measure but to thwart them, they would be more likely to look with a single eye to the good working of the new law. When overruled, they would be so in due course of business, as a judge is. They would not have to pass under the yoke of humiliation, as they now are, from the application of political pressure, or in plain English fears that something worse will happen, to make them pass into law something that they disapprove. And they would hold a very powerful and dignified position. The power of compelling the House of Commons to reconsider its decisions, or to consider supplementary or qualifying suggestions, is a great one. If exercised in a fair spirit by a body of able and experienced statesmen, it would without doubt often prevail. The House of Commons would be placed in a position of great responsibility. All serious statesmen would desire that a measure should be passed by two Houses rather than by one. Many in the House of Commons would agree with the views of the Lords. Many again who doubted, or even who differed, would yield for the sake of securing joint action. Of course, if the Peers rejected or altered in a petulant and hostile spirit, they would not be seriously considered by the Commons. But I always protest against trying proposed reforms on the hypothesis that people will act unreasonably. It is a false hypothesis. The great probability is that an assembly set to perform such functions as would then belong to the House of Lords would

bring skilled and calm judgment to bear upon them. It would then be a serious business for the Commons to take the law-making into their own hands; and it is at least conceivable that they would not do so except in those cases in which the opinions of those who are drawn from the few will always be found opposed to those who are drawn from the many.

If this reform could be effected, if the House of Lords could be placed in a position, not of such entire subordination as it now occupies with respect to finance, but of ultimate subordination to the persistent views of the popular House, other reforms would be of minor importance, indeed of very little importance so far as regards the danger of the present situation. But for the constitution of a good Second Chamber, some would still be of great importance.

The right to be a law-giver by inheritance is an outgrowth on the original scheme of the House of Lords, has now become an anachronism, and indeed having regard to the grounds for creating peers, an absurdity. I conceive that it would greatly strengthen the House of Lords to put an end to all hereditary rights of legislation (except perhaps in the very peculiar case of the royal family), and to make it a working body, not liable to irruptions of inexperienced men whipped up for special political combats. Each member should hold his position for life or during some office. There has been much controversy about life peers. Whether, if introduced forty years ago, they would have moulded the character of the House so far as to avoid existing complications, cannot now be judged, for the attempt was met by the House in a spirit of extreme hostility, and, by an act which I have always thought to be one of great political violence, and of very doubtful legality. I believe there is now common agreement that life peers ought to have been created long ago, and ought to be created now in large numbers. It is quite too late to propose such a plan as a sufficient remedy for existing needs, though not too

late to propose it as a supplement to other reforms.

The House should have enough members to man its committees, and to supply sufficient variety of thought and experience to its debates, and to give weight to its decisions. If there were (say) from two hundred to two hundred and fifty men appointed for life or *ex officio* to serve in the House, it would probably make as strong a body as the nation would want. Then members should be allowed to resign their seats at will, and all peers not in the House of Lords should be quite free to enter the House of Commons.

I have often seen it suggested that the House of Lords should be an elected body. I hardly know why, except that the American Senate is so. But that Senate has a definite basis to rest upon, which represents a great and distinct power in the nation — viz., the basis of separate States. In this country we have nothing of that kind, nor do I know of any constituency, nor can I imagine any, which would draw the House of Lords from a separate class, and yet which would not increase, instead of lessening, the friction that now exists.

To my mind, no mode of appointing peers of Parliament is nearly as good as the present mode — viz., appointment by the crown. It must be remembered that the choice of the crown is the choice of its responsible ministers, and that they again represent in turn the two principal parties in the State. Party motives for appointments, in the sense of merely getting votes, would be reduced to a minimum, because the votes would not give ultimate victory. Party motives in the sense of bestowing rewards on partisans, would be amply satisfied by social advancement, by peerages not requiring the labor of legislation, garters, stars, baronetcies, knighthoods, and so forth. There would remain the best of party motives, the desire of having views sympathetic with one's own ably supported, and of gaining credit by the choice of good servants for the nation. The ministry of the

day would have the strongest motives to appoint men of ability, experience, and willingness to work. They could not afford to put in dummies. To bind them down to appoint from categories of specified callings would only hamper them. Free and uncontrolled choice among all the queen's subjects would be most likely to man the House of Lords well.

Now, it is often said, but without much reflection I think, that the predominance of the House of Commons can be effected by a resolution of that House; and reference is made to its power over money bills. That power, which has now become an integral part of the Constitution, was established, it is true, by acquiescence of the Peers after resolutions by the Commons. But then the Peers pass the money bills, as they pass every other statute. The courts that enforce the law see that a statute is passed in due form and they look no further. But suppose that the Peers refused to pass a bill for a new tax, it could not be levied. For if any one refused to pay, and was sued, the judges would ask where is the law that orders him to pay. And if they could only find something resting on a resolution of the House of Commons, they would dismiss the case. If then, as is more than likely, the Peers stand upon the present constitutional practice, and refuse to depart from it, how is your House-of-Commons law to be enforced? It could only be enforced by some extra-legal coercion applied directly to the courts of justice; and I doubt whether the most violent political partisan on the popular side would approve such a ruinous proceeding as that. I think it will be seen that, though a resolution of the Commons may be the best way of mapping out a political campaign, it can do no more, and that the battle must be fought at the polls, to induce the Peers to consent to some adequate reform, under peril of seeing their party defeated and deprived of influence in the country.

Another resource often invoked is the power of the crown to create peers.

That has not been done for nearly two centuries. When it was last done, twelve creations were sufficient to give the required majority. It was threatened sixty years ago, at the time of the Reform Bill, after which the Peers gave way. But the Whig statesmen who used the threat knew that it was a great strain on the Constitution, and only made up their minds to it when the country was full of commotion, and very near the brink of civil war. To swamp the House of Lords now would require five or six hundred new peers. It would be strongly resisted; and I cannot conceive that any minister would take such a course without having at his back such a preponderating weight of national strength as would enable him to take the easier and more obvious course of inducing the Peers to pass a bill.

The paramount object then to strive for is: to provide some legal method by which, in case of prolonged differences between the two Houses, the opinion of the popular House shall be made to prevail in measures other than money bills. And, omitting minor points, the subsidiary objects are: first, the discontinuance of hereditary legislators; and secondly, free nomination by the crown of any person to serve as a peer of Parliament for life or during office.

I wish it to be remarked that no one of these objects is new to the British Constitution, unless it be the particular form in which it is proposed that the Commons shall pass a contested measure. That however is but form and detail. In point of substance the predominance of the Commons is matter of familiarity with us. It is exercised in the offensive form of compelling the Peers to pass laws which they think injurious; to cry "Content" when they are not content; to "stand in his presence humble, and receive strict laws imposed . . . and to sing forced Halleluias." The form I now propose is only the necessary outcome of an honest difference of opinion between a stronger authority and a weaker, by which the stronger will act on its own

judgment after due and careful regard to the views of the weaker. Nobody is humiliated by that.

So with regard to hereditary law-givers: the House of Lords has existed without them; it existed for centuries, during the period of its greatest power, with a majority of life peers, unless, indeed, the prelates are to be ranked as *ex-officio* peers. And as to recruitment, the will of the crown is the recognized constitutional method.

I am well aware that the antiquity and tried efficiency of the principles will not prevent eager opponents from crying out against new-fangled and revolutionary inventions, because that is always done on these occasions. But perhaps cautious and thoughtful men will take heart by reflecting that we do not rely on theory alone, but on experience also.

That the struggle for such a reform will be most arduous and prolonged it is impossible to doubt. Behind the House of Lords stand the "interests;" that is, the powerful interests of wealth and privilege, whose possessors cannot bear to be meddled with, and yet which the growing popular forces see more clearly year by year that it is the interest of the nation at large to control or modify: the Established Churches, the liquor trades, the City and Guilds of London, the dominant caste of entail and primogeniture, the great landowners, and the great monopolists. Add to them the cranky-headed men who, professing the desire for reform, do all they can to hinder it, unless it is laid out in every jot and tittle according to their own fancies; perhaps not a very numerous class, but a troublesome one. Add again, the classes — numerous in all ranks, and of overwhelming proportion in the richer ranks — of those who from steady conviction distrust and fear the growth of popular forces, or who from tradition or association always place themselves in opposition to every demand from the popular side. Such forces as these make up a formidable army, very strong in numbers, and stronger still in money, organization, and ability, both literary

and political. Still it is difficult to doubt that the mass of electors are much more numerous, if only they choose to bestir themselves. They will do so with effect when they see how distressing and dangerous the present posture of things is, and how reason and experience alike point to reform. That, unless I mistake, will require time, and hard work, and courage, and patience under reverses. So it behoves all who are clear in their minds that the welfare of our country is best promoted by the free and healthy growth of popular forces, and that the obstacles raised by the House of Lords thereto are irritating to the extent of danger, to bring home those beliefs to the electorate—each in his own way and as it is given to him—by quiet exposition, close argument, eloquence, organizing power, zeal, and weight of character; trying not to exaggerate or to extenuate, but striving in patient and hopeful persistence until the truth prevails.

From The National Review.
LORD ROSEBERY'S PLAN.

BY THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

LORD ROSEBERY closed his remarkable speech at Bradford introducing his crusade against the House of Lords by an appeal to his followers, which attracted at the time considerable attention:—

We fling down the gauntlet. It is for you to take it up.—The *Times*' report, October 31st.

As in the ages when gauntlets were in fashion, it was the custom for enemies, and not friends, to take them up when they were thrown down, this form of challenge addressed to a friendly audience produced much perplexity. The general impression was that it was a vagueness of illustration happily selected so as to be in exact keeping with the policy the orator desired to recommend. It certainly seemed to be very much of the same family as that other illustration, in

which the promised resolution of the House of Commons figured as a damned spot which all the perfumes of Araby could not wash out. But the speech which has since been delivered at Glasgow, on the 12th of November, has given a plausible ground for the contention that such criticisms were unjust. They failed to take account of the delicate irony which pervades Lord Rosebery's speeches, especially when he is recommending a government measure to the acceptance of his followers. He really *was* throwing down a gauntlet to a large section of his party. They have demanded with great emphasis that no House of Lords shall exist. He replies by offering to make them a new House of Lords. They demand the overthrow of the Chamber which limits the sway of the House of Commons. He replies that the experience of the world is against them, and that he will not join in setting up any state of things in which the sway of the House of Commons is not limited. He was using strictly accurate language, therefore, in describing this announcement as a defiance to his followers. And it is obvious that until this preliminary issue is decided no practical progress can be made with the discussion. Questions about the reform of the Second Chamber, though highly important, cannot take precedence of the question whether there shall be a Second Chamber at all. A man does not instruct an architect to draw plans of his house until he has come to the conclusion that it is desirable to have a house of some kind.

Nevertheless it will be rash to rely too confidently on the profession of faith contained in the Glasgow speech. Since he has been prime minister, Lord Rosebery's audiences have not always been successful in divining the meaning even of assurances which seemed at the time to be perfectly plain and positive. His speech in Parliament on the first night of the session this year seemed to lay down beyond the possibility of mistake that he was determined that Home Rule should not pass until England, "the predominant

partner," had accepted it. But after an explanation with the Irish members he spoke again on the subject at Edinburgh; and then we found that we were all wrong, and that the vote of England against Home Rule would not be regarded as decisive. It may be that in the present case we have made a similar mistake; and that after an explanation with Mr. Labouchere he will point out in a later speech that an intelligent interpretation of the example of other nations leads clearly to the adoption of a single Legislative Chamber. Certainly it was disquieting to hear that while Lord Rosebery was denouncing a single-chambered constitution in one hall at Glasgow, his supporters at an overflow meeting in another hall were denouncing second chambers altogether. It is therefore no mere idle curiosity which makes us wish to penetrate through the prime minister's vague negations, and get a glimpse of the positive features of his plan. It is not easy to understand why he will not divulge it—if, indeed, there is anything to divulge. He expresses the energy of his determination by a number of athletic metaphors. He is taking off his coat; and he is taking off his waistcoat; and he is girding up his loins; and he is going to do something more terrible than has been attempted since the Revolution of 1688. This deadly determination is to produce results extremely disagreeable to his opponents, and to the Church, and to other incriminated interests; but he now emphatically denies that it is to gratify the aspiration of his most ardent supporters—which is the abolition of the House of Lords. What it is he is going to propose, however, he defiantly refuses to tell us. He thinks "that any such high constitutional amendment should be laid before no court, and no body inferior to Parliament itself." His respect for his high constitutional amendment would have been more conspicuous if he had abstained from raising the question at all before he had something definite to say about it. But he is, no doubt, eager to emulate the strategic instinct which

induced Mr. Gladstone to conceal his project as to the foreign contingent of Irish members till a few days before it passed. It is perhaps the most effectual way of rushing a doubtful proposal through the House of Commons.

If it is hard to reconcile Lord Rosebery with himself, it is much harder to reconcile his colleagues with their chief. Mr. Asquith has proclaimed himself a one-chamber man, and therefore he may be pardoned for his contemptuous reference to the "twenty was it, or forty?" Second Chambers enumerated by the prime minister. But what does he mean by the following revelation of his policy contained in his speech at Birmingham? After referring in scornful terms to certain Unionist schemes for the reform of the House of Lords, which, it appears, have come to his knowledge, but which are quite new to me, he goes on:—

I will say nothing but this about these proposed changes in the composition of the House of Lords. If the House of Lords is to maintain its present functions they are changes to which you and I can never assent.

A House of Lords, however composed, without its present functions, is of course an absurdity. Lord Rosebery has opposed, and Mr. Asquith has not in terms sustained, the childish proposal which some speakers have made, that the "veto" of the House of Lords shall be taken away, while it is still to remain a legislative assembly. Such an arrangement would be as much government by a single Chamber as if the Second Chamber were formally abolished. It would have every practical disadvantage of that form of constitution, and it would be, in addition, exceedingly ridiculous. There is no political force which by any stretch of imagination can be considered to be capable of carrying such a project into effect. It is possible to imagine the abolition of the House of Lords, because it is possible to imagine a revolution. It may some day happen that the revolutionary hurricane will sweep over this country, and then the House

of Lords, together with a good many other things, including the House of Commons, will be swept away; though there is no sign in the political sky of such a portent just at present. But revolutions have a certain logical consistency of their own; and no revolution that can be imagined would commit the flat absurdity of professing to maintain the House of Lords while depriving it of all its power.

Mr. Asquith's denunciation of any House of Lords, reformed or other, which retains the present functions of that body, must be only taken as a circuitous reiteration of his well-known adhesion to the idea of a single Chamber. But then what becomes of Lord Rosebery's emphatic and indignant assertions that he is in favor of a Second Chamber? Does he mean a Second Chamber of straw? for that is the only kind of Second Chamber that Mr. Asquith will regard with tolerance. It seems useless to attempt to piece together any outline of a plan from utterances so contradictory as Lord Rosebery's and Mr. Asquith's revelations.

I entertain a strong conviction that in this apparent controversy between the two ministers, Mr. Asquith from the Radical standpoint takes the juster view. He has taken the trouble to think the matter out, which his chief probably has not done. It is only by ending, and not by mending the House of Lords that the avowed objects of their party can be accomplished; and as the development of the controversy brings this result out into the light, I fully expect that the indispensable Second Chamber will go the way of the "predominant partner," and will be dropped with light heart and pleasant scorn.

The probability of this issue will be evident to any one who considers the motives by which the new crusade against the House of Lords has been inspired. What is the sin which the existing Assembly has committed? How has it been unfortunate enough to draw upon itself the stripped and girded energies of the prime minister?

He makes no difficulty about confessing the real grievance. It is that on several occasions they have left his government in a ludicrous minority. Lord Granville, who led the Liberal party in the House of Lords for five-and-thirty years, was exposed to similar inconveniences towards the close of his career, but he seems to have looked upon them as vicissitudes of the political game to which all politicians are liable. He never dropped a word to indicate that he felt it so acutely as to seek a remedy by "raising the greatest issue that has been put in this country since our fathers resisted the tyranny of Charles the First and James the Second." And before Lord Granville's time the grievance did not exist; for Liberal ministers from time to time had majorities in the Lords in those days, before Mr. Gladstone had joined the Liberal party. But the iron has entered into Lord Rosebery's soul. Whatever is to be said against the House of Lords has been true for some generations past. But arguments against it, whether good or not in theory have been little thought of in practice, until they have been illustrated by the mishaps of the Gladstonian party. The present government has placed England in a minority in the House of Commons, and by a pact with the Irish has secured a small majority in that Assembly; and Mr. Blake's indiscretions have given us some insight into the inner life of that patriotic alliance. The House of Lords has resisted the measures of this confederacy. Her Majesty's present government can only show a minute body of supporters in that Assembly. The desolate interval of red bench which represents the ministerial array behind the prime minister, is the patent offence which dispenses with any further search for accusations against the House of Lords. He dwells on it again and again in various parts of his speech with genuine pathos; enlarging on the cruelty of fate which condemns him to be a member of an assembly that loves him so little. His colleagues harp upon the same string. Mr. Asquith complains

that the House of Lords is no true Second Chamber, because it has imposed a check upon him and his colleagues, but no check upon certain measures passed by their opponents. Sir E. Grey, with the candor of youth, protests that unless the House of Lords is dealt with, the destinies of the Liberal party will be compromised. It is the old "manse" argument over again. Woe to the institution, whether it be Church or Chamber, which disagrees with the Gladstonian party.

The offence charged is open and manifest. It boots not to deny it. The strength of the Gladstonian party in the House of Lords has diminished, and is diminishing. There is no question of the existence of the malady, which is passing through a stage of acute paroxysm just now. The question is whether Lord Rosebery has really in his mind any remedy by which he believes it can be cured. What metamorphosis is the House of Lords to undergo which will make that Assembly, even intermittently, Gladstonian? A glance at the nature of the task he has to fulfil will show that there is reason for the scepticism which his colleague evidently feels as to his chances of success.

The base proclivities of the House of Lords do not arise from their having been selected by the wrong persons, or with the wrong motives, or, indeed, from any error in their selection. The mass of the present House of Lords has been drawn from the purest Liberal sources by the most trusted Liberal leaders. In the division which threw out the Reform Bill in October, 1831, by a majority of forty-one, there were one hundred and twenty-eight Liberal peers present in the House. Since that date two hundred and ten peerages have been added on the recommendation of Liberal ministers, of which about thirty have become extinct. Any historian in future ages, coming upon these facts, would by a simple process of arithmetic infer that a ministry calling itself Liberal might count upon the support of about three hundred Liberal peers. Alas, we know

from Lord Rosebery's pathetic complaint, repeated again and again in every tone of melancholy reiteration, that instead of three hundred the faithful band is reduced to thirty.

What is the cause of it? How is this wholesale defection and falling away of some two hundred and seventy Liberal peers to be explained? Every one of these Liberal peerages, so to speak, was born good. There was to each of them an age of innocence when its holder was a sound Liberal. How have they fallen from their first estate? Why have they wandered from the fold?

Lord Rosebery has a theory which he calmly, and without any external symptoms of hilarity, laid before his audience. It is that "the House of Lords," *i.e.*, all except the thirty, "is a permanent party organization, controlled for party purposes, and by party managers." A little further on he speaks of them as "a collection of political hacks." He is very indignant that this explanation is not accepted seriously, and is especially aggrieved with me for having mentioned it in terms which implied little belief either in the veracity of the theory or the modesty of its invention. If he only means that the Tory peers vote in accordance with Tory opinions, and the Liberal Unionist peers vote in accordance with Liberal Unionist opinions, his statement, no doubt, is accurate, but he cannot be said to have made much of a discovery. Whatever changes he may succeed in introducing into the constitution of the Second Chamber the members of it will continue, it may be presumed, to vote in accordance with the opinions which they hold, and will so far act on precisely the same principle as those of whom the Second Chamber now consists. But if he means that the peers are actuated in giving their votes by any motive other than the guidance of their opinions, he is making an imputation for which no vestige of proof can be adduced. They cannot be ridden as political hacks, for their riders, if such there be, can possess neither bridle nor spur. He has

attacked the peers for the lack of a quality which they obviously and necessarily possess. They may be wise or foolish, timid or courageous, but they certainly are independent. The qualities observable in a body of men depend, as the phrase is, upon their environment, and it would be difficult to assemble conditions and surroundings better calculated to produce independence than those in which the mass of the peers are placed.

Lord Rosebery appears to consider the opposition of the Peers as something personal to himself. He says that if he spoke with the tongue of men and angels he would not secure a single vote more than he does. It is not precisely the tongue with which debaters speak that chiefly influences votes in the House of Lords. Eloquence does not particularly move them. But they will vote with the speaker who advocates the policy they approve, whatever his eloquence may be; and if Lord Rosebery satisfied them in that respect he may be sure that no control of party managers and no interest of a party would prevent the "collection of political hacks" from following him into the lobby.

It is the extremity of self-delusion to attribute to the wiles of a party manager the change which has taken place in the political allegiance of some two hundred and seventy peers, owing their peerages to Liberal ministers, who doubtless chose for their recommendations the staunchest adherents they could select. Certainly if wire-pulling and party management can effect such marvels, the Liberal party ought not to have been left behind. They have only just lost a party organizer whom the prime minister has put upon the same level as Mr. Gladstone in recounting his party services. Surely, if the allegiance of the peers of Liberal creation could have been ensured by any party manager, it would have been done by Mr. Schnadhorst. It is a libel on the excellent management, which has always distinguished the wire-pullers of the Liberal party, to attribute to that inferiority the defection

of the men who, as approved champions of the party faith, were specially selected for honors. It can only have been a mind, penetrated through and through with partisan modes of thought, that could have attempted to explain such a remarkable movement of opinion by the theory that the Carlton had captured the Peers. The cause of it is sufficiently obvious, and lies upon the surface of the history of our generation. The party which calls itself Liberal no longer represents to the eyes of those who received those peerages, or their descendants, the principles to which, in calling themselves Liberal, they conceived themselves to be pledged. It may be said, of course, that they have changed their position; but this is true only in the sense in which a landmark may be said to have changed its position in relation to a drifting ship. And as they are drawn from no limited circle or narrow clique, but are, or are descended, from the most suitable men each successive Liberal minister could find to recommend, it is pretty certain that the hostile opinion which exhibits itself in their votes has largely affected the whole social stratum from which they are drawn. That row of empty red benches which vex the prime minister's soul are not the result of some eccentric caprice inspiring two hundred and seventy recreant peers. It means that all the classes in which a Liberal minister would seek for men suitable to be selected as Liberal peers are probably affected by the same malady, and that in a proportion not very dissimilar they are opposed to the government, which would be their natural leader if the words "Liberal" party still continued to bear the meaning which in past times they used to bear.

Three things might have been safely predicated of the leaders of the Liberal party while Lord Palmerston was alive. They upheld the Established Churches, they maintained the integrity of the Empire, and they respected the rights of property. As their falling away in these respects has become more manifest, their supporters, among those to

whom these objects, or any of them, are dear, have become scantier year by year. No other explanation is required of the change of feeling towards them which has shown itself among the classes from whom the new Liberal peers of the last two generations have been taken. Of course the most marked and sudden secession was due to their unexpected tampering with the integrity of the Empire. But the insecurity into which their proceedings have brought property of all kinds has produced a more general disquietude, which is felt in a degree by all classes, because of its paralyzing influence on industry and trade. The special portion of their programme which menaces ecclesiastical property is evidently moving sections of the population who are less sensitive to the alarms which secular property is feeling. Mr. Asquith thinks it sufficient to reply that these apprehensions with respect to the security of property have been heard before. It is quite true. So the cry of "stop thief" has been heard before; and will be heard again whenever there is a thief to stop. His argument proceeds on the assumption that the State, do what it will, cannot commit robbery; and least of all can it commit robbery upon the possessions of ecclesiastical corporations. I have no wish to embark on a discussion as to the extent to which anything can be considered property in the presence of a political authority that desires to appropriate or "convey" it. There is no question of practical ethics which has received so various an exposition. It is impossible to bring within the limits of theoretic regularity a Plantagenet or Tudor sovereign's views on the subject of benevolences, or a Highland chief's notions as to his neighbor's cattle. And in our own day, Mr. Henry George, Mr. Keir Hardie, and a crowd of sympathizers on both continents have proclaimed the right of any community to seize land and other "instruments of production," which are now in the hands of private persons. In the practice of the world such questions receive a dynamical rather than a log-

ical solution. I am referring to them not for the purpose of refuting the views of the government on the subject of property; but for the purpose of pointing out that the working and the ulterior tendency of their doctrines have been discerned and appreciated by an increasing number of persons from year to year; and the distaste they have excited, both in respect to the rights of property and the integrity of the Empire, is a serious hindrance to Lord Rosebery's dream of fashioning a new Second Chamber warranted to exhibit Gladstonian proclivities. The classes among whom the candidates for Liberal peerages have hitherto been found have deserted his party, because of the monstrous transformation which the teaching of his party has undergone. He must dig deep and search far before he finds a *couche sociale* with the disposition that he wants. I doubt if he will find it in any large abundance, unless he digs in Celtic soil. Of course his Second Chamber may be so constructed that it will turn out to be a mere replica of the House of Commons; and in that case it will exhibit the oscillations which have marked the history of opinion in that assembly. But if it resembles the House of Commons in the origin and basis of its authority, it will insist on also possessing the same powers and the same functions. It will demand a voice in questions of finance, and the power to dismiss ministers; and it will be able to extort compliance with its demands by precisely the same methods as those by which the House of Commons in past days has built up the fabric of its own authority. A Chamber which possesses the power of saying "no" to any legislative proposal can extort what privileges it pleases by threatening to stop the machinery of the State if its demands are refused. The House of Commons obtained its own dominant power by this procedure, and it would assuredly be employed if some more restless and adventurous body, not afraid of innovation, were substituted for the present House of Peers. Such a duplication of the First Chamber

would be a new phenomenon in politics, and would lead to some interesting results. But its occurrence is evidently impossible. It could only come into existence if the Radicals became entirely supreme; and, in that case, their purposes would be much better served by sweeping away the Second Chamber altogether.

Lord Rosebery's plan, therefore, if it exists, is destined to a very ephemeral existence. He has in effect laid down as a primary condition that his new Second Chamber must be, at least intermittently, Gladstonian. So long as the Liberal party pursues its present course, recent history shows that the materials are wanting for a Second Chamber that will support it. Or if by the use of novel ingredients a Second Chamber of the desired type is produced, it will only operate as an instrument for disputing, and in the dispute shattering, the power of the House of Commons.

In treating the political predilections of the House of Lords as the crying sin which calls for the doom of the existing assembly, Lord Rosebery has prevented any confusion between his plan and any Conservative propositions which may be made for the modification of the House. Mr. Asquith asserts with some profusion of detail that the Conservatives have "on the stocks" a proposal to pass the House of Lords into the hands of the speculative builder; and he reproaches us bitterly with tinkering the Constitution. I hope most of the information he receives at the Home Office is more trustworthy than this intelligence. I do not know of any such plan, and have not heard of any peer who is likely under existing circumstances to bring any project of the kind forward. But the subject has been brought before the House on more than one occasion in past years, and no indisposition to entertain it has been shown by the Peers. The obstacle to such improvements has come from another quarter. Twenty-five years ago I remember supporting Lord Russell in a measure of this kind, which passed all

its stages after several divisions up to the third reading, and failed at that point in consequence of an intimation that there was no chance of the co-operation of the House of Commons. A proposal in the same direction was made by the Conservative government five or six years ago, but after being read a second time the bill was laid aside on an announcement by an authoritative voice, that it would be obstructed in the House of Commons, at a time when obstruction was all-powerful. It is very likely, therefore, that if circumstances were favorable renewed attempts in this direction would be made on the same or on different lines. I shall not presume to express an opinion upon such projects until I see what they are. But I think I am able to prophesy that they will be honored by the warm opposition of Mr. Asquith and his friends, for he has proclaimed his hostility to any changes, whatever they may be, if they maintain the present functions of the House of Lords. It is safe to predict that no measure diminishing the scope and importance of those functions will ever be accepted by the House. Any modification of its constitution to which the House may on full consideration assent, will, I am convinced, be framed with a view, not of promoting the interests of any political party, but in order to enable the House better to perform its public duties, better to ensure full effect to the deliberate will of the nation; and above all to strengthen it for its most important duty, that of repairing the mistakes, and frustrating the intrigues of any log-rolling confederacy in the House of Commons. But plans of this kind—plans which will make the House of Lords stronger—the government does not ask us to consider; it tells us beforehand that it will have none of them. So far as I understand Lord Rosebery, he means so to alter the House of Lords that it shall always defer to the House of Commons whenever the Gladstonians are in office. Mr. Asquith and the other ministers wish, on the other hand, to enthrone the House of Com-

mons as absolute sovereign *sans phrase*. As Mr. Chamberlain justly observes, this will be a very long battle indeed, and lead to a conflict that may last for generations. It is difficult to see where the force is to come from which will compel the varied interests of this country to expose themselves to this peril. The longer the struggle lasts the more carefully men will study the ways of the House of Commons, the sovereign to whose tender mercies they are to be consigned. They will realize that, there, party government is rapidly coming to mean government by an iron party machine, blindly fulfilling the bargains which its conductors have made in order to procure the votes of fanatical or self-interested groups. The more familiar they become with its procedure and its springs of action at the present time, the less disposed will they be to surrender to its uncontrolled discretion either the rights of classes who are in a minority, or the unity of the Empire.

From The Fortnightly Review.
A THREATENED CITY.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF PEKIN.

IN visiting the capital city of the Chinese Empire, one's troubles begin immediately on disembarking at Tientsin. Before that matters run smoothly enough to satisfy the laziest globe-trotter in the world. When I paid a visit to Pekin two years ago I went up from Hong Kong to Shanghai in an ocean liner—more commonly known in the Eastern seas as the “blue funnelled boats”—and from Shanghai to Tientsin in a Clyde-built and well-found coasting steamer, officered by Europeans and manned by Chinese coolies, which called at some of the way ports, including Chefoo. Luckily, when we reached the mouth of the Peiho River the tide served, and instead of having to wait for some hours as the majority of vessels are compelled to do, in the offing or aground on the bar, gazing at the long lines of mud-colored forts which guard the entrance to the river,

we were enabled to steam up in the early morning in the wake of the tender which had come down for the mails, and with the pilot, who, by the way, was an Englishman. This happy chance was not without a certain drawback. We were spared the torture of being baked by a hot sun for a number of hours; but, on the other hand, it was impossible to land and take a good view of the Taku forts. If one might judge from what was said by fellow-travellers who had been made fortunately unfortunate on previous occasions it was a very easy matter to go over these fortifications. It is probable that the discipline has been improved since the outbreak of hostilities between China and Japan, but in time of peace it is notoriously lax here as elsewhere; and experience had already taught me that the way to deal with the Chinese sentinel or official in charge is to pay no attention whatever to him, to ignore his very existence, take a look around, and if necessary ask permission afterwards.

The Taku forts, extending for a long distance on either side, seemed well calculated to discharge the purpose for which they were erected. They are strongly built, and it is common knowledge that they are much better provided with guns than they were when they played havoc with the British gunboats in 1859. These guns are of the most modern Krupp and Armstrong types; the garrison is well drilled in the manipulation of them, and with Europeans to direct operations, and with the mouth of the river studded thick with torpedoes, I should say that no hostile fleet could run the gauntlet without considerable loss. But I should say also that no hostile fleet would run the risk of making the descent upon the capital of China by way of the Peiho—unless it had in the first place frightened the garrison into evacuating, and had taken the precaution to remove the torpedoes. And here it is that the characteristic short-sightedness of the Celestials comes in. They have made the river approach well-nigh impregnable, but they have left the country round alto-

gether defenceless. To have remedied this defect would have meant the execution of an order "tall" even for the builders of the Great Wall, but it would have been only the logical conclusion to the construction of the forts on the river. The thing that strikes every traveller first of all on approaching the Pechili coast is its extraordinary and monotonous flatness. The country is almost as flat as a cricket field and it is not half so pretty or so interesting. The Peiho winds in and out at angles many degrees more acute than anything a snake can treat us to. Here and there it shows like the magnified teeth of a saw. The currents are numerous and erratic, and it is no uncommon thing for a vessel to run ashore on the mud-banks and for her hands to be compelled to take to the water to tow her off, to the encouraging crows of the stark naked children from the contiguous villages who spend the greater portion of their time playing by the banks. The distance from the mouth of the river to Tientsin is about sixty miles. Over the land, where there are no insuperable or even very serious obstacles to progress, it is considerably less.

The impression of flatness grew on me as we picked our way slowly along the river. The country is, moreover, singularly dismal. There is nothing to see but an unending stretch of dun-colored land, with here and there a little village with its adjacent graveyard, distinguishable by the rows of mud-mounds, and near the streams and ditches, patches of rice, irrigated in the most primitive manner by the aid of troughs, and even, in many instances, by the aid of buckets. There is some excitement to diversify the monotony, for every now and then the steamer, going dead slow, and with no leeway worth speaking of, makes a sudden swerve round and grounds on a bank in mid-stream, or just contrives to miss the opposite shore. Six hours or more of this kind of thing is calculated to make one tired — to say nothing of the other diversions occasioned by the necessity of making way at a ticklish

bend for an irresponsible junk or an outward-bound steamer.

Tientsin is a revelation. The big cities of the south have much that is picturesque about them. Even Hong Kong is not unattractive, and it certainly rejoices in a pretty site. But in Tientsin, if we except the foreign quarter near the river, there is nothing bright or attractive but the clothes of its inhabitants. The place is the home of Li Hung Chang, and the headquarters of his European-trained soldiers — variously estimated at between thirty thousand and sixty thousand officers and men — when they are not in active service. With his passion for all things Western, it is matter for wonder that the viceroy has not done something to improve the sanitary condition of Tientsin. The filthiness inseparable from all Chinese cities, is pre-eminently noticeable here. The bad smell is all-pervading, and I fancy Mr. Kipling's "Great Big Stink," would much more appropriately fit Tientsin than the sacred Indian city for which the phrase was originally invented. I am open to correction, for it is some time since I read her "Wanderings in China," but was it not Miss Gordon Cumming who said that she had seen no town to compare with Tientsin for dirt, heat, and bad smells? With all allowances for the sensitive nose of a lady, these words just hit off my first and last impressions of the city euphemistically called, in the flowery language of China, "Heaven's ford." For a place boasting close upon a million inhabitants Tientsin is not very large, especially if allowance be made for the granaries with which it abounds. It is the commercial port of Peking, and in it are stored vast quantities of wheat, rice, millet, textiles, and prepared meats, which come up from the south by way of the Grand Canal to supply the teeming millions of northern China with the means of subsistence. It is the city next in importance to the capital in all this part of the empire. Being Chinese, it is eminently Chinese, only, in the matter of dirt and squalor, a trifle "more so," as our American

friends would put it. The mud and bamboo houses are one-storied, and lie huddled together without the least semblance of arrangement. The Lord only knows how the families who inhabit these places manage to find room to eat and sleep and have their being in them. The streets, like all other streets in all other Chinese towns, are unpaved and unlevel. A cart with springs would come to grief on them in a quarter of an hour, for the ruts are sometimes feet deep. They are made the receptacles for the refuse of all the houses lying along the route, and there are no night-soil contractors to abate the nuisance. Something of the nature of a cleansing process is effected by the rains which come regularly at the fag end of the summer. In the wet season the streets are small rivers. In the dry season they are many inches deep with dust, and give birth to most of the foul epidemics under the sun. Now and again the cholera comes. The small-pox is there practically all the year round, and the number of people whose faces are scarred deep by its ravages is a standing wonder to the unsophisticated traveller from the sanitary cities of the West. The fashionable part of the city is neither better nor worse than the plebeian. If anything, it is a trifle duller, for the spectacle to which the visitor is uniformly treated is that of high walls of the prevailing mud-color, which hide from the vulgar gaze the luxurious brick homes (mud-colored bricks, of course) of successful merchants and avaricious and corrupt mandarins. There is plenty to amuse along with much to disgust in the people and their dress and habits; in the markets and in the shops, with the queer businesses carried on there; and if taken in a chair or cart, this pleasure is all the more unalloyed by discomforts. But I remember that I turned again with longing to the foreign city and to the wharves, where all is bustle, and whence I could view crowds of vessels of all denominations, from the house-boat to the gunboat.

If you decide to go on to Pekin by

the river the approved means of locomotion is a house-boat, which has been described by travellers any time during the past half-century. It is a square-bowed structure, with one or two sails, and a large crew who live in the stern part of the raised cabin which occupies the whole of the after half of the boat. The sails are only used when the wind is from the proper quarter of the compass. At all other times the boat is propelled by oars or by long poles stuck in the bed of the river in the same way as a canal barge nearer home is propelled when the horse happens to be feeding or on the sick-list; or the crew go ashore and take the place of the horse. Owing to the multitudinous bends of the river the wind seldom serves for any great length of time, and a three days' passage is not reckoned a long one. The distance is eighty miles, but the shape of the river nearly doubles it. The hire of the boat works out at the equivalent of about £2 sterling, and the experience is cheap at the money. This price is exclusive of provisions, which I carried with me. You alight at Tung Chow for Pekin, and make the rest of the journey on a donkey or in a cart.

For expedition the road is to be preferred the whole way. With a fairly decent pair of mules attached to the shafts of the cart, it is possible to traverse the ground in forty-eight hours; but it is hard work for the mules. The imperial highway is on a par with the other roads of the empire—it is narrow, dusty, and rutty. Now and again on the way I encountered an old man making pretence to keep it in repair by laying the dust out straight with an antique hoe. Actually, he was making pitfalls to trip up the unwary. At another point it was my good fortune so see a gang of coolies carrying baskets of mud and dumping them into the big holes in the road, flattening the mass down to the required level with the aid of a disc of metal or stone raised by eight men with ropes and dropped suddenly at a signal from a ninth. At yet another point was a crowd of half-naked men pounding the

earth with mallets, towards the same desirable, but seldom attained, end. This road between Tientsin and Pekin is the busiest in the whole country. There is a never-ending stream of men, carts, wagons, and wheelbarrows between the two places. The cart is a vehicle not seen outside China. It has two wheels like the wheels of a lorry, and with the spokes almost as substantial; and the shafts are like young telegraph poles for thickness. There is an arched covering of blue cotton cloth on wooden frames, and the bed of my cart was just long enough and just wide enough to prevent me reclining at ease. The result was that my legs rested upon the shafts, where the driver sat cross-legged and swearing at his long-haired animals. It takes at least a fortnight to recover from the sores and pains caused by the incessant jolting of the cart over the rocky road. The compensating feature of a ninety-mile ride on one of these conveyances is that you are afforded an opportunity for studying all sorts and conditions of Chinese life — the mandarin gaily dressed in yellow, blue, or green, and riding a donkey; the peasant woman, with her shirt-like gown and silk or cotton drawers; and the beggar, nearly naked and suffering from some horrible malady or self-inflicted mutilation. But as all this can be seen at any time it is hardly worth while going out on to the Iekin road to see it; and if quick despatch is not an indispensable condition, the house-boat, though slow in more than one sense, has superior attractions. For myself I look forward confidently to the time when there shall be a railway to take me from the Gulf of Pechili to the wall of the Tartar city at Pekin, with no stoppage save at Tientsin. This innovation cannot, I should think, be much longer delayed in face of the lesson taught to the Chinese by their much-despised hereditary enemies, the Japanese.

The first impression of Pekin seen a mile or two off through a cloud of dust is favorable. "Here at last," thought I, "is a place worthy the name of a city — worthy to be the capital of an

empire which numbers four hundred million subjects." The walls rise high, and here and there along the top appear watch-towers as lofty as a sky-scraping Chicago tenement. But the moment I set foot inside it was apparent that Pekin is like other Chinese cities — nothing more than a glorified village of one-storied houses. Of inhabitants it has perhaps half as many again as Tientsin. In general characteristics the two places are identical. The style of house is exactly the same. There are the same unpaved and ill-smelling streets, the same open sewers, and the same almond-eyed and pig-tailed Celestials, as like one another as grapes on a bunch, jostling each other and jabbering at a great rate in a multitude of dialects. Perhaps the contrast between the silks of the rich and the rags of the poor is more marked in Pekin, especially in the Tartar city, which is above all things a place of two classes.

The most striking feature of Pekin are the walls. The outer one is about twenty-seven miles in circumference. It was built centuries ago of mud and bricks. The inner and outer face are of the latter; each brick is as big as a family Bible, and the interstices are filled up with mud and stones. The whole has long settled into a solid cement. Save for some damage done in one or two quarters by recent floods, this great wall is still intact. The gates number thirteen. They are insignificant, though finely arched; are not much wider than the streets, and are only about twenty feet high. At night they are closed with great doors sheathed with iron. The whole city forms two rough parallelograms, one being the Tartar city, and the other the Chinese. There is another wall separating the two sections. The first is the Manchu quarter *par excellence*; the second is given over to commerce. Inside the walls of the Tartar city — they are sixty feet thick at the base — are the government buildings, the foreign legations, and the residences of the wealthy Tartars, which run round another high grey-bricked wall, six miles (roughly) in circumference.

This wall encloses the temples, pleasure grounds, and outer palaces of the sacred city, consecrated to the uses of the "Son of Heaven." Inside this block, again, is the Purple Forbidden City, the actual residence of the emperor and his court.

By the display of a fair amount of that quality known as "cheek," and by not noticing all persons who show an inclination to interfere with the rights of the individual, it is possible to penetrate into many places in Peking where the "foreign devils'" presence is an abomination. But the Forbidden City it is simply impossible to enter, unless you possess very strong credentials, or belong to one of the legations ensconced within high walls in the vicinity. It is, however, not beyond human ingenuity to obtain a view of this holy place. From the walls the *tout ensemble* can be quite readily compassed. The loyal Chinese do not pry. They have the haziest notions in the world as to the personality of their emperor, and think of him and speak of him as though he were in reality what his name implies. But it is quite an easy matter to gather information—sometimes of a very untrustworthy kind to be sure—about his Majesty from members of his Majesty's own household. The form of ancestor-worship practised and believed in in China prepares one for the assertion that the emperor is not his own master, and makes it not improbable that there is truth in the statement. The empress dowager is credited all round with being the real ruler of her son's people. The old lady has just celebrated her sixtieth year, and we have learnt from recent press messages that she was so solicitous for the welfare of the country as to forego some small portion of the vast sum of money collected for her birthday celebrations, in order that it might be devoted to the purposes of the war and the reward of meritorious generals. For instance, to one of the leaders in the skirmish at Ping Yang, which had been converted into a rout of the Japanese by the time the news reached the court, she made

a present of eighty thousand taels as a token of her appreciation of his efforts and an earnest of further favors to come.

With due allowance for exaggerations, there remained little doubt in my mind, after conversation with influential persons having the entry into the inner circle of the court, that the empress dowager plays a large part in the direction of the affairs of the empire. Of course, she is swindled and humbugged right and left by her army of understrappers, but she has her way, or fancies she has, and this amounts to the same thing in the end, while it satisfies all parties. It would be interesting to know exactly how far her hand appears in recent actions. She is generally allowed to be an exceedingly clever and astute woman. She was at the head of affairs during the T'ae-ping rebellion and during the war with France. It is said that she persists in doing everything through the emperor; that she seldom allows herself to be seen; that in receiving an audience she sits on one side of a screen, whilst the audience kneels on the other; that she has the choosing of the ladies of the harem, and makes them skip on occasion; that she sells appointments through the favorite eunuch of the court, and shares the proceeds with him. These are a few of the rumors diligently circulated about the influence and importance of the empress dowager. She probably inspires many of the imperial comments on the official reports and acts—comments indited with the emperor's own hand and a red pencil, and destined to form the principal contents of the *Peking Gazette*, which is by some hundreds of years the oldest newspaper in existence. It is quite the funniest looking by an equally liberal margin. The copies are bound yellow, or blue, or some other color. One in my possession is yellow-backed, which marks it as of some distinction, for yellow is the imperial color, and this is a first edition, so to speak. The pages, sixteen in number, are seven inches long and three inches wide; there are no editorial comments and no

advertisements — which would be sufficient to condemn it nearer home; and the matter begins at the end and moves from right to left up and down the page.

The emperor's labors on the *Pekin Gazette* are not very onerous. He has not been remarkable for strict devotion to affairs of State. The ceremonial functions associated with his office of high priest he has discharged from the first with zeal. Even if they were nothing more, these functions would be an agreeable change from the dreary round of life in the luxurious prison called his palace. The Council of State, in conjunction with the empress dowager, has carried on the government of the country, and unless his Majesty has been grossly misrepresented, or unless he has developed an interest in the progress of the Chinese arms at the seat of war, as a consequence of Japanese menace on his empire, it is not likely that he is responsible for the imperial edicts recently published in the official *Gazette*. We have the evidence of the *Gazette* itself to show that he has been fooled to the top of his bent by somebody or somebodies in the matter of the war, and all things pertaining thereunto. He is said to possess a temper, but not a will, of his own. Either he is not blessed with, or is by the exigencies of his situation not allowed to display, administrative ability to compare even remotely with that so conspicuously manifested by the mikado from the very beginning of the troubles. To his people, as I have hinted, he is not so much a *pater patrie* as a demigod, and he has lived up to this ideal. There are, in all probability, not five thousand individuals in all China who have an accurate notion of him. And this, in face of the fact that he has occasion to show himself now and again in connection with his aforementioned functions, as vicar on earth of Shang-ti, the supreme lord of heaven, beside whom he will in due course take his seat with his predecessors of the royal line.

It might be possible to say much

more than I have said about the reigning emperor of China, but considerations of space forbid, and, besides, it serves no good purpose to repeat stories that lack authority or even probability. But there seems to be little room for doubt that his Majesty has played the part of a puppet ever since his accession to the throne, and this is the last word I shall say about him. There are other things interesting in Peking — the Chinese city, for instance, with its narrow streets, its innumerable shops, its markets, and its temples. There is nothing to be said about the streets but that they are dirty, unpaved, and uneven. But the feeling of stagnancy and decay, which became oppressive at times as I promenaded the Tartar city, was largely sunk in the contemplation of the interesting sights around. The royal city may be the more important section, and there is much that is tangible to rivet the attention there, especially if, as was my good luck, one has a European of experience to keep him from going far astray. But for a constant succession of novelties and surprises, of one sort and another, perhaps the Chinese quarter of Peking is the best place in the empire. Something is constantly arising that jars like the noise of a file on our Western usages and ideals, but this is only incidental to the general situation. The Tartar city is rather sleepy, which adds to the impression of decay. The Chinese city is all bustle and business, which detracts from that impression. There are hundreds of trades carried on here which were never dreamt of in our Western philosophy, and the enumeration of them would be a sheer impossibility. Almost every street has its crowds of shops, its cheap restaurants, and its gambling and opium hells. Then the theatres and the gorgeous temples are a never-failing attraction to the traveller as well as the native. Here the dutiful son purchases for his respected parent a gorgeous coffin, which the old man treasures as among his most cherished possessions for (it may be) years before he is called upon by the fates to occupy

it. And when he takes his last long journey from this world to the next the sorrowing survivors go to a shop and purchase the gold and silver paper which is to be burnt at his grave to provide him with his passage money to the realms of the blessed. There are places where the crackers are on sale which are to be fired off as the funeral procession makes its way to the burial grounds in order to keep the spirits of evil away — places, too, where vast quantities of incense and joss sticks are sold to be burnt before the ancestral shrine; places where they sell only birds, or gold-fishes, or "lie" coal, or toys, or stores, or anything else imaginable. Then the peddlers and the beggars, the latter especially, are in every way worthy of notice. Peking has more than its share of beggars, who are the most impudent and, on the whole, the most wretched-looking in the world, though some of them contrive to make a respectable living out of it. These are, of course, the more enterprising and original — the men who have thought of, and carried out with their own hands, some form of self-mutilation that is horrible to witness, and bound to attract the notice of strangers, upon whose charities they exist; for the ordinary Chinese do not give liberally, and the spectacle is one with which they are more familiar than the copy-book precepts from Confucius — their household words. Beggar's Bridge, so-called by the foreign element, is a sight I shall not soon forget. Numerous as they are everywhere about the city, they crowd this place and sidle along after you, whining and threatening to do terrible things to themselves if you refuse alms. A very common form of mutilation which they practise is that of blinding themselves. Less common, but still common enough, is it to have the arms cut off. The number of the halt and the blind passes belief. One prosperous beggar of the city is a man who, in addition to being blind, has an iron skewer run through both his cheeks. He is said to twist it about to keep the flesh ragged and raw. He goes about with a small

gong, on which he beats to attract attention.

The city is filled with exchanges and markets, and fairs are almost always in progress. In the vegetable marketplace death sentences are carried out with all the publicity, all the deliberation, and all the cruelty which are a conspicuous feature of the Chinese criminal code. The poultry market is an object of interest for itself, and so is the fur market, with its scores of spaces piled high with skins brought down from the interior by the Mongols to be bartered for brick tea, coal, and other commodities. It is a great sight to see these fierce nomads dressed in sheepskin and furs defiling in through the city gates at early morn with their long strings of dromedaries and camels laden with bales of skins which, if placed on the London market, would make the fortunes of their owners. There is a large demand among the Chinese mandarins, and nobles, and successful merchants for furs, which are a luxury they indulge in without stint, and, if necessary, without regard to price. The busiest time of the day is about six o'clock in the morning, for the Chinese are very early risers, and the thousand merchants there congregated in their gorgeous silk apparel manage to get through a good day's work before the British working-man's breakfast half-hour is over. The silver exchange, too, carried on in a building hardly more pretentious than a good-sized barn, echoes with the noise of excited dealers hours before the London stockbroker thinks of putting in an appearance at Capel Court.

I am conscious that in this article a very faint outline has been given of the life and appearance of Peking, but that is because the subject is a wide one, and there are limitations to human endeavor. A word or two in conclusion as to the character of the people. A study of them *in loco* does not leave a favorable impression behind. It is notorious that the high places of the empire are completely demoralized — that officials are appointed by undisguised bribery, and that they as a body

hold their offices not as a public trust, but as a direct means of personal profit and aggrandizement. The rich are very rich; the poor are very poor. There is little patriotism, properly so called, in any class of the community. Few Chinese are fired by love of their country to sustained deeds of valor. The Chinaman's religion is a comforting one, which promises him Paradise provided he retains his pigtail; and this explains the fact that with brave leaders and a decent measure of encouragement he will fight hard. But he does not love fighting, and he is liable to become panic-stricken with very little reason. His condition is the outcome of many centuries of intellectual sloth, and not even the lesson that is being taught with such humiliating severity by his ancient enemy will avail much to improve him in the absence of drastic reforms undertaken by those in authority. His hatred of the Japanese and his equally intense hatred of the "foreign devil" must not be accounted to him for a virtue if he does not possess some of the more solid qualities that go to the moulding of national character, as we understand that phrase. Individuality of a kind the Celestial does possess, but it is a kind that does not commend itself to the admiration of mankind at large, and that cannot count for much in the long run. The fact that a handful of Japanese has availed to frighten China half out of its wits — to sweep its army out of Corea and its fleet practically off the face of the waters — seems, to my mind, to show that the dismal vaticinations of such men as the author of "National Life and Character" are based on a total misapprehension of the country and its people.

M. REES DAVIES.

From The Spectator.
TIDINESS.

IF there is a good quality in the world which the majority of men think a small one, it is the one which women have agreed to describe as tidiness.

There are thousands of tidy men in the world, and millions of tidy women; but the male majority, even while benefiting inexpressibly by their womankind's efforts to secure tidiness, fret and fume under them, and end by submitting with a protest, and probably some depreciatory thought about women's "fussy ways." Yet tidiness is nothing but order in small things; and order in small things is always an assistance to efficiency, and sometimes absolutely essential to it. The horror in which all good military officers hold untidiness in their men or in their barracks, has its root in a just conviction that discipline ultimately depends upon the habit of compliance with minute rules, not one of which is by itself of any importance, and not only discipline but readiness for action. Bayonets must not be rusty, or the locks of repeaters left unoiled, if they are to be perfectly and instantly available for their work, yet the rigid orders which produce the polish and the oiling are identical in kind as well as in principle with the "female fidgettiness," which compels the housemaid to dust under the drawers, or worries a careless husband into keeping his letters and his newspapers on the table instead of on the floor. Every skilled hygeist knows that half the "barbarism" against which he wages war is untidiness carried to the *n*th power, and every naval captain knows that if he permitted untidiness to reign, his ship would first become an *Acelanda* and then meet, in all human probability, with some catastrophe in action. "Where are those shells No. 5?" and if they cannot be found at once, the ship must strike. Mrs. Bishop, in her recent most instructive letters from Pekin, published in the *St. James's Gazette*, had a sentence or two which, rightly understood, are positively ghastly in the horror they suggest, yet they are nothing in themselves but rebukes for untidiness. She says: "Of the Manchu troops as they passed Moukden, and their deplorably antique arms, I have written previously. As a whole the Chinese armies have taken the field

with an unorganized and peculating commissariat, and without transport or a medical service. Their rifles and muskets are of an infinite variety of patterns, obsolete and new, and cartridges for perhaps twenty different makes are served out all jumbled up together. In Manchuria I saw cartridges not in boxes, but lying in great heaps like potatoes—long and short, fat and thin, all mixed up together, and soldiers fitting them to their guns, trying them, and throwing those away *which were too large or too small.* Just imagine the position of Chinese soldiers in action with their small stock of fitting cartridges exhausted, and no more to be obtained about which there was any certainty that they would fit the rifles! They would be killed in heaps, if they stood, like so many unarmed men, and of course they do not stand but run, throwing their perfectly useless rifles away to increase their speed; and so the Japanese, all armed with the Murata rifle fitted to perfection with appropriate cartridges, win every battle, and a mighty empire falls prone before a comparatively dwarfish foe. It is a grim little story suggesting infinite carnage and suffering, and yet much of the muddle must be due to positive untidiness, and nothing more grandiose. There probably was a corrupt motive in the original purchase of so many patterns, and of course there was grave neglect of duty on the part of the inspectors of the supply departments; but the refusal of the immediate officers concerned to keep the boxes separate, the heaping of the cartridges "like potatoes," and the mingling of the sizes in one heap, may have been due, probably was due, to that habitual untidiness of the Chinese which makes their cities pest-houses, and their special quarters all over the world the despair of the hygeist and the policeman. The notion that untidiness in the strictest feminine sense could contribute to the paralysis of an empire, is in the highest degree tragicomic, and yet it is unmistakably true, and may in future be quoted with accuracy, if not with effect, by any

woman who is scolded by her lord for worrying him with her orderliness and love of seeing "things in their proper places." "Remember the Chinese soldiers," she may say, and if he has read this article he will for five seconds be a little ashamed of his own petulance.

Tidiness is not exactly the "capacity for taking trouble" to which military critics attribute the successes of the Prussian army, though without that capacity there is, of course, no tidiness, but it is that, plus the power of seeking a certain ideal perfectness in arrangements for their own sake rather than for the sake of results. Even among women the tidy dresser is not always the charming dresser, for sometimes the tidiness suggests finicking, but the untidy dresser can never, under any circumstances, be dressed charmingly. The lady must seek besides neatness a certain ideal, and the man must be desirous of a certain utility, of the power, for example, of finding any book or any letter at a moment's notice. There is a little forethought in true tidiness, whether it be in the arrangement of a drawer or the careful selection of cartridges that will fit the rifles they are intended for, and the notion that the "tidy" housewife or the "tidy" man of business must of necessity be without imagination is an illusion. He or she must imagine what will be the need of the future as regards the articles in a muddle, or there will be no effort to make them accessible, which is in our daily life the grand motor of tidiness, or, at all events, shares with the desire to look well in the privilege of inspiring the quality in its active form. Assuming the Chinese officers in charge of the cartridges not to be simply dishonest or indifferent, they must, in piling those heaps together "like potatoes" have been strangely wanting in imagination not to perceive at once that in the hour of conflict their reckless indulgence in laziness might be destructive not only to their men but to themselves. For a kind of laziness, as every woman knows, enters into all untidiness. The

man leaves his papers in a heap because he cannot, or will not, compel himself to the exertion of sorting them, the woman keeps her room "all in a litter" because orderly "putting away" fatigues her beyond endurance. Tidiness involves a perpetually recurrent necessity for small exertions, and he or she who is inherently untidy feels about it just as a savage feels about clothes, that the exertion of wearing them never comes to an end. Of course the cure is to go on with the exertion steadily until it becomes first an easy habit, and then a habit so strong that deviation from it is an unendurable tax upon forbearance. There are women in thousands to whom to be untidy is positive pain, and officers in hundreds in all armies in whose thoughts a departure from tidiness in their uniforms, in their barracks, in the arrangement for the supply and maintenance of weapons, involves a kind of moral delinquency. An Irishman employed as a gardener, is said to have hated his master because he insisted on having his carriage drive swept of all fallen leaves. "Did the leaves hurt the bastes?" asked the indignant son of Erin, without in the least moving his exceedingly kind but thoroughly English employer from his resolve to compel what the gardener considered a sort of shot-drill. That gardener had the Chinese, that master the Japanese way of looking at things, and trivial as the difference may appear, it has helped largely to cost the Chinese the sovereignty of Manchuria.

Tidiness is satirized by a hundred writers, and despised, as we have said, by millions; but nobody ever argues against it seriously, unless we take the allegation that strong men are never tidy, to be a serious argument. It would be one perhaps, if it were true; but then it is not. Great soldiers and sailors are almost invariably tidy, Frederick of Prussia being a rather conspicuous exception; many great lawyers have been neat to finickingness, and the same may be said of many great men of business. We should say, indeed, that as many weak men were un-

tidy as strong men, and that of the latter a large proportion will be found to be of the dreamy or the reflective temperament. Dreamy people hate tidiness, and the very reflective are rarely quite tidy, the reason being the same in both cases, that such persons besides feeling the inherent dislike of most men to small recurrent exertions without immediate end, are annoyed by interruptions to the current of thought. They want, as they say, to be at peace from trifles, and as somebody usually saves them from the consequences of their ways, they remain untidy through life. That they gain anything by their untidiness, except, possibly, some slight relief from irritability, is, however, a most rash assumption. They rarely save time, for they can never find anything; they do not think more clearly, for the materials for thought are never ready to hand; and it may be questioned if their habit adds even to their mental peace. Few men are wholly unaware of their own untidiness, or escape from periodic impulses to correct it, and what with those intermittent fits, which never do any good, and their occasional consciousness of the trouble they give, they are probably as much disturbed as the tidy, who indeed in time become blissfully unconscious that they have adopted a feminine habit, and in adopting it have materially increased their own readiness for action. It is quite possible even for Chinamen to divide cartridges into those which will fit the rifles and those which will not, and to keep them in separate heaps, and it is questionable whether the pleasures of untidiness in their case are not outweighed by the pains consequent on defeat, flight, disgrace, or death by disembowelling.

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THE SHRINE OF ST. SIMEON.

ZARA, the chief town of Dalmatia, situated on the shores of the Adriatic, is chiefly famous for the liqueur called maraschino, made from the cherries which grow in the neighborhood. It

is, however, also noted for a relic of considerable interest. In one of its churches is a silver-gilt shrine which is said to contain the body of St. Simeon, the prophet who sang the *Nunc Dimittis*. It is not exactly known when the body of the saint was brought to Zara, but tradition says that it was conveyed there by sea from Palestine by a knight on his return from the Crusades. According to tradition, the devil raised a storm and attempted to sink the ship, but the Crusader, by throwing all his property overboard, managed to keep it afloat, and when the gale ceased, the ship was drifted in a dilapidated condition, into the port of Zara. Whilst staying there for repairs to be made to the vessel, the knight was taken ill, and was conveyed to the hospital of the monks, situated on the outskirts of the town. He gave out that the corpse was that of his brother, and caused it to be buried in the cemetery belonging to the monastery. Gradually becoming worse, the knight, when on the point of death, divulged to the monks that the body was that of St. Simeon, and all necessary proofs would be found amongst his documents. The monks, pleased at their good fortune in obtaining such a valuable relic, determined to keep the body of the saint; but the same night on which the Crusader died a celestial being appeared in a dream to the three governors of the town of Zara, and announced to each of them that the body of St. Simeon had been buried in the cemetery of the monks, and bade them go and search for it. On

the following morning, being bent on their mission, they met and narrated their dreams to one another. They then went to the cemetery, where they found the monks already digging for the corpse. The governors told their dreams, and easily persuaded the monks to allow the body to be taken into the town, where it was exhibited in one of the churches, and many miracles being wrought by means of it, its fame soon spread throughout Dalmatia. In the year 1371, Queen Elizabeth, the wife of Louis I. of Hungary, visited Zara, and, wishing to possess some relic of the saint, she broke off the forefinger from the left hand. No sooner had she done so than she lost her sight, and was unable to find her way out of the church. Prostrating herself before the altar, the queen openly confessed her sin and replaced the finger, which immediately united again to the hand, and the queen's sight was restored, but her own hand, touching the body of the saint, became withered. For a second time the queen craved pardon from the saint, and offered as a penalty for her sins, to present him with a silver shrine to replace the wooden one in which his body was then encased. Her prayer being heard, the queen commissioned five noblemen of Zara to have the shrine made; and they entrusted Francesco da Milano, son of a Milanese silversmith, named Antonio, living at Zara, to execute it. Francesco completed the shrine in 1380, and received twenty-eight thousand ducats for his labor.

H. M. CUNDALL, F.S.A.

THE PHONOGRAPH IN THE CLASS-ROOM.—Professor McKendrick, of Glasgow University, carried out an interesting experiment in his physiology class one day last week. The occasion was the formal closing of the summer session, and the professor gave a practical demonstration of the ability of the phonograph to deliver the lecture which he had previously spoken into the instrument. The words were dis-

tinctly heard in every corner of the classroom. Of late, suggests the *Christian Commonwealth*, such "demonstrations" on the part of noisy students have occurred and recurred in certain of the medical classes in the university that the suggestion to substitute the phonograph for the *personnel* of the lecturer may not seem altogether far-fetched.

